

# LITERARY GAZETTE

Journal of Archaeology, Science, and Art.

N° 31—1856.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27TH.

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## REVIEWS.

*Early Ballads, Illustrative of History, Traditions, and Customs.* Edited by Robert Bell. John W. Parker and Son.

We of the nineteenth century are slow to admit that an age of refinement is not always favourable to the arts; yet the proposition is undoubtedly true. The tendency of civilization in an advanced stage of its development is more or less antisocial; enormous wealth is accumulated in the hands of a few; the division of labour is carried out to its utmost extent; the arts of ornament and construction are divorced from one another; he who works with his head becomes estranged from him who works with his hands, and the powers of both are necessarily stunted and distorted by the separation. In such a community the grand object of life is the accumulation of material wealth; the love of high art is confined to a few of the very highly educated; the middle or moneyed classes accept in its place any monstrous construction, provided only that it is what they call "handsome," or, in other words, has cost a great deal; while the lowest class are utterly brutalized by unintermitted labour, and rendered incapable of appreciating æsthetical beauty. The age of the arts, whether in Greece, Rome, or mediæval Europe, was that in which prince, nobles, and people met in the same theatres, the same public gardens, the same forum, and the same temples; when the wearer of the *toga pretexta*, or of the gilded spurs, suffered himself to be moved to admiration by the same colonnades, the same statues, the same frescoes, the same music that excited the awe and delight of the horny-fisted artisan. It was when the nobility began to desert the eternal city, and to shut themselves up in their country villas, that Roman art declined. With the exclusive habits of modern England came in cabinet pictures for *connoisseurs*, while the people were allowed to feast their eyes upon long lines of red-brick streets interspersed with such buildings as the National Gallery or the British Museum.

The laws which govern the development of the other arts are equally applicable to poetry. Like them, when addressed exclusively to scholars, it is liable to lose its manly vigour and universality; and the poets of an age of advanced civilization are, like painters and architects, apt to forget some of the fundamental principles of their art in the cultivation of refinement and conventional beauty. Poetry in Pope's time was written for readers, not for hearers; and the inevitable consequence was, that the melody of rhythm gave place to a mechanical arrangement of short and long syllables. The only remedy for this error was a return to first principles, and when we consider that the object of metre was to adapt language to music, we perceive at once that the mechanical or syllabic verse is a departure from them. As two or more short notes in music are equivalent to one long one, so in prosody two or more short syllables must be equivalent to a long or emphatic syllable. Hence the various kinds of "feet," as prosodists call them; hence the principle of the rule that a spondee is equivalent to a dactyl. The variety imparted to both words and music by this freedom of adaptation may be observed in such

of the hymns of the Latin church as are written in classical metres and adapted to ancient melodies. But here the classics taught a lesson which, like a great many others, the French school of Pope was unable to appreciate; and while its disciples conceived that elegance of thought and sentiment consisted in adapting classical terms and usages to modern society, they supposed that classical correctness was attained when they applied to English poetry some few isolated rules of prosody, while they overlooked its general principles.

The revival of a taste for the ballad, composed, as it was, expressly to be sung to music, and intended for the ears of both high and low, was a reaction on this pseudo-classical taste, and a protest against the narrow and exclusive school of Pope. The *ennui* of the stately and artificial ceremonial of the Tuileries produced the Swiss village at the Trianon, and Marie Antoinette was glad to escape from hoops, powder, and the *minuet de la cour*, to dress like a dairy-maid, and dance country dances with the village miller. It was some such craving for nature and the common emotions of humanity that induced men to throw aside the 'Essay on Man,' and take up 'Robin Hood,' 'Johnnie Armstrong,' and 'Chevy Chase.' The first turn of the tide was observed in the faint murmurings and weak apologies of some who might be supposed least likely to initiate it; just as the preludes of the French Revolution were sounded by princes, nobles, and churchmen. Addison, of all men in the world, pronounced a panegyric, in the 'Spectator,' upon a modern and inferior version of Chevy Chase, which he supposed to be the genuine old ballad which roused Sir Philip Sydney like the sound of a trumpet. Then followed Percy's admirable, but not very faithful 'Reliques.' Evans and Ritson, with less discrimination and taste, but more truthfulness, next explored the mine which Percy had opened. These were the sources of Scott's youthful aspirations, and produced his imitable 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' the finest collection of popular epics in the world; and this again gave birth to the innumerable "imitations" of the ancient ballad, by Scott himself, Leyden, Weber, Mork Lewis, and others. Of the modern "ancient ballad," we can only say that even Scott, in our opinion, cannot make it endurable. The *naïveté* of the genuine old ballad is delicious; but it is inimitable, and in the hands of one who lives in a totally different state of society it becomes mere fatuity. Perhaps the best example of a stanza "after the manner of the old ballad" is that composed by no less a person than Dr. Johnson:—

"I put my hat upon my head,  
And walked into the Strand,  
And there I met another man,  
With his hat in his hand."

Imitation in art can never be successful; but the study of the works of previous artists is one of the best modes of attaining excellence. The old ballad could only mislead, if adopted as a model; for imitation; but, as a study of the true principles of popular poetry, it enabled Scott, Byron, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and their successors, to throw off the trammels of the syllabic or mechanical school of metrists, and taught them that the sources of poetic thought are not to be sought in the age of Homer, or Virgil, or any other age or locality exclusively, but may be found as well in an English village in the nineteenth cen-

tury, as on the plains of Troy or the mountains of Arcadia.

But important as is the position occupied by the ballad in the history of our literature, Mr. Bell is the first editor who has vouchsafed it a place amongst the works of our great poets. In his announcement of the Annotated Edition upon which he is engaged, he states that it is intended to comprise "a continuous history of English poetry;" and such a work would be clearly incomplete if a section of the poetry in which this country is peculiarly rich, and which has exercised and is exercising a great and increasing influence over all the rest, were omitted. To have included, however, in this edition the vast collections of Percy, Ritson, Evans, Hartshorne, Forday, and the publications of the Percy and Shakspeare Societies, would have been obviously out of the question. Mr. Bell has therefore judiciously selected from each of these collections specimens of the several species of ancient ballad, the historical, the romantic, the satirical, and the elegiac, and has thus given his readers, in the small compass of a half-crown volume, the cream of our national ballad-poetry. We need not say that, to any one who has a taste for the simple strains in which the wandering minstrel used to celebrate the feuds of border chieftains, the daring feats of the Anglo-Saxon victim of the forest laws, or the calamities of hapless lovers, this convenient and portable volume, with its full and accurate preliminary notices of each ballad, and its careful annotations, is a real treat; and if there exist an Englishman so ignorant as not to know Chevy Chase, Greensleeves, and Robin Hood, he can now form the acquaintance not only of these celebrated lays, but of many others less known in romantic history, under the very best auspices.

The volume opens with a short introduction, in which the object of the work is explained, and the general characteristics of the ancient ballad pointed out with so much neatness and elegance, that we cannot do better than quote the following passage:—

"The ballads collected in this volume range from the close of the fourteenth to the beginning of the seventeenth century. The object of the selection is to exhibit, by a variety of specimens in a short compass, the special characteristics which distinguish our old ballad literature from other kinds of poetry, not only in its forms and diction, but in its choice of topics and modes of treatment. The quaint and primitive traits, peculiar to early poems written for music or recitation, are common to them all, from the earliest to the latest; for their distinctive traits were preserved long after the state of society to which they were originally adapted had undergone considerable changes. The gradual decline of these compositions may be traced to the accession of James I., when the border feuds ceased to supply the bold and picturesque sources of interest which fired the imagination of the ancient minstrel. \* \* \* The manner in which these pieces have come down to us baffles any attempt at chronological arrangement. Some are derived solely from tradition in districts where they have been orally transmitted from generation to generation, time out of mind; some from broadsides which never can be relied upon as a clue to the date of authorship; and some from MSS., written at different periods, and presenting different versions of the same original. Nor do we obtain much assistance as to their age from internal evidence, or by comparison with other poems. They are distinguished by the peculiarities of a class rather than of a period."

The first ballad is a satire on the venality of all estates of men, but especially of London

lawyers, written by John Lydgate, a Monk of the Benedictine Abbey of Bury St. Edmunds. He was born about the year 1389, and was therefore a contemporary of Chaucer, whom he took for his model. But in his time monks had departed sadly from the spirit of their founder, St. Benet; and Lydgate confesses with contrition, in his "Testament," that he gave more time to the study of the classics than to the observances of his rule. According to our present standard of clerical devotedness, he would, however, be considered an exemplary clergyman, and would probably be made Dean of St. Paul's, and canon of half a dozen cathedrals. Most of his poetry is written on religious subjects, or treats classical themes in a moral and religious tone. The ballad selected by Mr. Bell from his Minor Poems, published by the Percy Society, is entitled 'London Lackpenny,' and illustrates many curious peculiarities of manners in the fourteenth or fifteenth century:—

"To London once my steps I bent,  
Where truth in no wise should be faint;  
To Westminster-ward I forthwith went,  
To a man of law to make complaint;  
I said, 'For Mary's love, that holy saint,  
Pity the poor that would proceed!'  
But for lack of money I could not speed."

"Within this Hall neither rich nor yet poor  
Would do for me ought, although I should die;  
Which seeing, I got me out of the door,  
Where Flemings began on me for to cry,  
'Master, what will you open or buy?  
Fine felt hats, or spectacles to read;  
Lay down your silver, and here you may speed.'"

Herewe have a curious illustration of the fact that the Flemings had engrossed the clothing trade of this country. For this reason they were regarded with bitter jealousy by the lower orders, who, in the socialist rising under Jack Straw, treated them with the most barbarous cruelty. It is alluded to by Chaucer:—

"Certes he Jakke Strawe, and his meyné  
Ne maden schoutes never half so schrilke,  
Whan that they wolden eny Flemynge kille," &c.

It is worthy of remark that the shopkeepers in the Broadway, Westminster, to this day address the passers-by in the very same words as their predecessors in the fourteenth century. On a Sunday morning especially, the butchers may be heard vociferating "What d'ye buy, what d'ye buy, buy, buy?" Then follow our old favourites, The Nutbrown Maid, Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudesly, and some of the Robin Hood ballads. One of the most beautiful of these is that which relates the death of the bold outlaw, who, we have not the slightest doubt, was indeed the unfortunate Earl of Huntingdon. No mere deer-stealing yeoman could ever have made the following noble reply, when Little John begged for leave to revenge his death on the Nuns of Kirkley:—

"Now say, now say," quoth Robin Hood,  
'That boon I'll not grant thee;  
I ne'er hurt woman in all my life,  
Nor man in woman's company."

"I never hurt fair maid in all my time,  
Nor at my end shall it be;  
But give me my bent bow in my hand,  
And a broad arrow I'll let flee;  
And where this arrow is taken up,  
There shall my grave digged be."

"Lay me a green sod under my head,  
And another under my feet;  
And lay my bent bow by my side,  
Which was my music sweet;  
And make my grave of gravel and green,  
Which is most right and meet."

There is one peculiarity about the old ballad which we do not recollect to have seen noticed, and of which the 'Douglas Tragedy' supplies an excellent example. The wander-

ing minstrel never condescended to introduce his personages by a long story. He sometimes begins in the very middle of a speech, leaving the hearer to find out by the context who is the speaker. The giant forms of the heroes loom mysteriously through the darkness, and all the minor accessories are left in obscurity. Strange, that a rude harper should by instinct discover one of the most valuable principles of art, and work it within amount of success which is rarely granted to the most cultivated genius!—

"Semper ad eventum festinat; et in medias res,  
Non secus ac notas, auditorum rapit."

In the first stanza the imagination of the hearer was expected to fill up the details of a whole history:—

"'Rise up, rise up, now, Lord Douglas,' she says,  
'And put on your armour so bright;  
Let it never be said that a daughter of thine  
Was married to a lord under night.  
Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,  
And put on your armour so bright,  
And take better care of your youngest sister,  
For your eldest's awa' the last night.'"

Who is the "she" that says "Rise up?" The next stanza clears away the obscurity sufficiently to make the incident intelligible, but without detracting from the spirit of the opening. The minstrel now for the first time adopts the narrative form, but it is of the most picturesque cast, and the hearer is still expected to supply the particulars, and to discover for himself who are denoted by the pronouns "he" and "her":—

"He's mounted her on a milk-white steed,  
And himself on a dapple grey,  
With a buglet horn hung down by his side,  
And lightly they rode away.

"Lord William lookit o'er his left shoulder,  
To see what he could see,  
And there he spied seven brethren bold  
Come riding o'er the lea.

"'Light down, light down, Lady Margaret,' he said,  
'And hold my steed in your hand,  
Until that against your seven brethren bold,  
And your father I make a stand.'

"She held his steed in her milk-white hand,  
And never shed one tear,  
Until that she saw her seven brethren fa'  
And her father hard fighting who loved her so dear."

We can fancy how the minstrel took advantage of the irregular long line in the last stanza to throw a tone of pathos into the melody, and to prepare the hearer for the fine burst of filial affection which follows:—

"'O hold your hand, Lord William,' she said,  
'For your strokes they are wondrous sair;  
True lovers I can get many a one,  
But a father I can never get sair.'"

Lord William, struck perhaps with horror at the scene, and scarcely knowing whether he can expect a daughter to accompany him who has slain her father, asks the lady whether she is still determined to go with him; the feeling that she has now gone too far to recede, that as she has sown so must she reap, is finely expressed in the next stanza:—

"'O chuse, O chuse, Lady Margaret,' he said,  
'O whether will ye gang or hide?'  
'I'll gang, I'll gang, Lord William,' she said,  
'For you have left me no other guide.'"

Then the stanza which has already occurred is repeated, with a slight variation to mark the contrast between the light-hearted departure of the lovers, and their present heavy anguish:—

"He's lifted her on a milk-white steed,  
And himself on a dapple grey,  
With a buglet horn hung down by his side,  
And slowly they baith rode away.

"O they rode on, and on they rode,  
And a' by the light of the moon,  
Until they came to yon wan water,  
And there they lighted down.

"They lighted down to tak a drink  
Of the spring that ran sae clear;  
And down the stream ran his guide heart's blood,  
And sair she 'gan to fear."

The tragedy deepens as the story proceeds. Lord William, on arriving at his castle, tells his mother, in mournful irony, that he has that night "won" his lady. The two lovers die before morning, Lord William of his wounds, Lady Margaret of grief; but even their death cannot appease the wounded pride of the Black Douglas, who tears up, and flings into St. Mary's lake, the rose and briar which had grown out of their graves, and intertwined their branches.

This story, as appears from the editor's note, is of great antiquity, and occurs in another form in the Danish ballad of Ribolt and Guldborg. But the rude harper who composed the English version, wherever he may have obtained his theme, was certainly a master in the art of telling a story.

Here also will be found the original of the 'Fine Old English Gentleman' the song which is generally sung when the health of some successful conservative grocer or attorney is given at the Eldon club in a country town:—

"An old song made by an aged old pate,  
Of an old worshipful gentleman, who had a great estate,  
That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,  
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate,  
Like an old courtier of the Queen's,  
And the Queen's old courtier."

"With an old lady whose anger one word assuages,  
They every quarter paid their old servants their wages,  
And never knew what belonged to coachmen, footmen,  
nor pages,  
But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and badges,  
Like an old courtier, &c."

"With an old study filled with learned old books,  
With an old reverend chaplain you might know him by his looks;  
With an old buttery hatch worn quite off the hooks,  
And an old kitchen that maintained half a dozen old cooks,  
Like an old courtier, &c."

"With an old hall, hung about with pikes, guns, and bows,  
With old swords and bucklers, that had borne many shrewd blows,  
And an old frieze case to cover his worship's frank bow,  
And a cup of old sherry to comfort his copper now,  
Like an old courtier, &c."

"With a good old fashion, when Christmas was come,  
To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe and drum,  
With good cheer enough to furnish every old room,  
And old liquor enough to make a cat speak, and a man dumb,  
Like an old courtier, &c."

"With an old falconer, huntsman, and a kennel full of hounds,  
That never hawked nor hunted but on his own grounds,  
Who, like a wise man, kept himself within his own bounds,  
And when he died gave every child a thousand good pounds,  
Like an old courtier, &c."

It is not, perhaps, generally known that it was from this excellent old song Mr. Macaulay took his celebrated picture, in the third chapter of his 'History of England,' entitled 'The Country Gentleman.'

We have watched Mr. Bell's 'Annotated Edition of the English Poets,' ever since the appearance of the Dryden, with considerable interest. It is the first, and a most important and valuable effort to render the standard works of our great poets popular, by presenting them to the public in a form at once attractive, scholarlike, and inexpensive. For the present volume we think Mr. Bell is entitled to especial credit. It is an experiment. As we have already observed, the popular ballad has never before been ranked with the productions of the regular poets, a place to which not only its historical interest, but its intrinsic merit, well entitles it; and the editor has done much to promote the due appreciation of these interesting relics of the poetic thought of a former age, by the judgment he has displayed in the selection of specimens, and the care and good taste of his illustrative notes and introductions.



*Memoirs of the Marquis of Montrose.* By Mark Napier. 2 vols. Edinburgh: Stevenson. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

It was the Cardinal de Retz who said of Montrose, that he was like one of the old heroes of Plutarch. History has neither denied nor diminished the reputation gained by 'the gallant Graham' among his contemporaries. There was a chivalry in his character and a brilliancy in his career which compelled the admiration even of his enemies. Nor can it be said in his case that he owes his fame to success, which so often covers crimes and dignifies mediocrity. The overthrow of Montrose was as sudden and complete as his rise had been rapid and surprising. His victories were fruitless, except for his own renown, and even led to results disastrous to the cause for which he fought. It was chiefly by that gleam of prosperity in Scotland that King Charles was misled to protract his vain struggle with the English Parliament, and lured to tempt to his own ruin the further fortune of war. But apart from the political consequences of his campaigns, the career of Montrose will ever command admiration, and his name be mentioned with the honour due to loyalty, genius, and valour.

Such being the common estimate of the Scottish Royalist chief, except among party historians, Mr. Napier assumes too much for his biographical labours when he announces that "he has redeemed the character of Montrose from the calumnies of two centuries." Some additional light he has thrown on the events of the time, and much curious information he has collected about the personal and family history of his hero, but in attempting to increase his fame he has displayed more zeal than judgment:—

"Having engaged in this arduous undertaking entirely as a labour of love, and not having any pretensions to acquire a distinguished, or, so to speak, a professional position in authorship, I have made no attempt to dress by the purists in historical composition. Neither, when submitting to the close and constant contact, which these researches involved, with the original and latent evidences of fanatical cruelty, hypocrisy, cowardice, and calumny, have I sought to fashion a single phrase to that mincing mode of hesitating and half-complimentary dislike, which, sacrificing the expression of a just indignation to a fastidious or a timid taste, fails to distinguish between virtue and vice, and fears to call a spade a spade."

We have no intention to contest with Mr. Napier any of his political views or biographical statements, but we must not allow his work to pass uncensured as a contribution to historical literature. It would have been well for Mr. Napier to have made some attempt "to dress by the purists in historical composition," whatever he may mean by that. The lowest pamphleteer could not adopt a style more discreditable than that of the connecting narrative of the 'Memorials of Montrose.' The original documents are valuable, gathered from various archives, and printed, as far as we can tell, with scrupulous exactness. But what is to be thought of an author who writes habitually in the following style?—

"The fact is, Montrose was flogged, and his head broken with his own stick. 'King Campbell's' crown was not to be cracked by a classical couplet. What cared he for Ovid? His readings from the book of Jonah were more to the purpose. 'And God be thanked,' piped Lord Napier to those who would not dance—'God be thanked I see his Majesty there; I am confident we shall feel the gracious effects of his presence.' It was reckoning without his host, and being thankful

for small mercies. How Argyle must have chuckled, at this melancholy crow of the old courtier from 'the stage appointed for delinquents.' And how 'auld Durie,' and 'young Durie,' and brothers Balmerino and Burleigh, Hope and Humber, *et hoc genus omne*, who had been tickled with his joke against 'Signior Puritano,' must have winked knowingly at each other, as who should say, 'he had better have taken the clean bill we offered him.' Montrose, too, must have felt giddy as he gathered his legs again, and gazed at the departing shadow of Scotland's king."

The account of Montrose's raising the Royal Standard is a still greater literary curiosity, though not without graphic touches, revealing the possession of power, which might have been turned to good account under the control of ordinary judgment:—

"The place he selected was a conspicuous elevation called the *Truidh*, near the castle of Blair, and about three quarters of a mile behind the modern house of Lude. This classic spot, the last Robertson who was laird of Lude marked by the erection of a small cairn; and the knoll is now clothed with a thriving plantation of some thirty years' growth. It overlooks the strath of Athole, all Glenfender, and part of Glentilt."

"Great was the joy with which the royal commission had been acknowledged. But the wild outcries that saluted the oriflamme of a long line of kings, roused echo from an hundred hills, and startled the deer in Glentilt. Montrose knew the value of the moment. It would scarcely have become the critical warrior who once, on the eve of battle, pronounced Cavendish 'slow,' himself to have hesitated now. Without a pause, he cast the royal banner abroad upon the breezes of the Tummel and the Garry—suffered not a doubt to cross the minds of his followers, or his own—but, pointing with his pike southwards, to Loch Tummel and the Tay, gave the joyful word that set his wild mountaineers in motion, after just such an oration as we may express in the words of one who has entwined his own immortality with the hero's:—

"When bursts Clan Alpine on the foe,  
His heart must be like bended bow,  
His foot like arrow free."

"But why did he not double back into the Highlands, or go westward into Argyle's country, to do battle with the King of the Kirk, who was said to be in hot pursuit of the marauding Islesmen? It was only a few months before that Montrose had written to President Spottiswoode, how he intended 'to make all possible dispatch to follow him (Argyle) at the heels in whatever posture we can.' The event, however, proved that he now better understood the great game he was about to play. He was encompassed on all hands with well-appointed armies of the Covenant. Benorth the Grampians, Sutherland, Forbes, Seaforth, the Frasers and the Grants, were banded together against him. Argyle was understood to be following the track of Macdonald with all his own claymores—a splendid body of mountain warriors—and a formidable array of militia which the Estates had authorized him to levy. Then, besouth the Grampians, another great levy had been ordered, by the covenanting government, to be drawn from Montrose's own districts of Perthshire, Angus, and the Mearns, and also from Fife and Stirling. That strange mixture of rampant fanaticism and crest-fallen loyalty, was now congregated in force at Perth, or St. Johnston as it was more frequently called. All these armies, most advantageously placed so as to environ the 'common enemy,' were in arms, expressly for the purpose of crushing Montrose's attempt to raise Scotland against the League and Covenant. He was not as yet more than 2300 strong. Their bosoms were one, but their swords scarcely a thousand. Rusty battered matchlocks—to which the oldest brown-Bess now on her death-bed in Britain would be a beauty—were the weapons carried by the Irish. A good claymore was a luxury. A motley collection of pikes, clubs, bows and arrows, showing like an

antiquary's museum, in some measure supplied the deficiency. But one-third of his little army was utterly destitute of other weapons than the stones they picked up on the field of battle; which seem, by the way, to be coming into repute again contemporaneously with the Minie rifle. As for cavalry, he possessed three horses, which Dr. Wishart describes as being *omnino strigosos et emaciatos*—altogether skin and bone—probably the very same whose flesh he had not spared between merry Carlisle and Tullibelt. Artillery, of course, he had none; and the amount of ammunition was discovered to be not more than a single round for all the muskets they could muster. Money, not a stiver. He knew better than to hunt Argyle through the Highlands in such a pickle as this. His turn would come, and the sons of Diarmed remember it for ever! He had to take a walk to the Lowlands to complete his commissariat, to get patterns of army-clothing, and to fill his military chest. His thoughts at this time were probably somewhat similar to the strain which Davis Gellatley chaunted a century later,—

"There's naught in the Highlands but syboes and leaks,  
And lang-legged callants gain wanting the breeks;  
Gann wanting the breeks, and without hose or shoon,  
But we'll all win the breeks when King Jamie comes hame."

A lion beset by the hunters, at a glance he judged where to make his spring. He lashed his ire for an instant on the *Truidh* of Athole, then dashed at the heart of the country. 'We must lick them at Perth before Argyle can come up'—was his tactic. It was Napoleon's two centuries later. 'Follow me to victory, and you, your wives and babes, shall have arms, ammunition, meat, money, and clothing,'—was his bribe and battle word."

Mr. Napier is fond of these interjected allusions to more recent history. Balcarres he elsewhere calls "the Cardigan of the Covenant." But we proceed with the sketch of Montrose's resources at the commencement of the Highland rising:—

"It was rare sport. What a game before him! 'I never had passion on earth'—he himself wrote to the Prince of Wales ere the King was murdered—"I never had passion on earth so great as that to do the King your father service.' His life was like a magic mirror. He who within the last four months had been altogether aggregated to the English cavaliers; demolishing garrisoned castles in the Bishopric; charging and routing the Round-heads with Clavering's horse; now, corresponding with Ferdinand Fairfax for an exchange of noble English prisoners; anon, curvetting at the side of the fiery Rupert himself, and teasing and aggravating crest-fallen royalty with the hopeless demand for *sabres, sabres*, wherewith to cut his way through the Covenant—that same Hotspur of Scotland, as if by the wand of an enchanter, was suddenly transformed into a tartan chief, 'clad in Highland weed,' crowing at the base of Ben-y-Vrackie like the muircock among her heather; a target on his shoulder, a pike in his hand; marching at the head of an uproarious host of swelling plaids and naked Redshanks; pouring down upon the plains of Athole; burning through the braes of the Menzieses; thrilling their pibroch proudly in Glen Almond; hanging their bonnets on the horns of the moon; and already devouring, in the throat of their hopes, all the promised luxuries of the glorious, fertile Tay, and the sad fair city of St. Johnston."

"Yet he failed not even now to look over his shoulder at King Campbell. He sent him a retaining fee, or rather a stomach-pill, which doubtless neither improved the obliquity of vision, nor of martial gait, with which Gillespieck Gruamach was troubled."

"My Lord,—I wonder at your being in arms for defence of rebellion; yourself well-knowing his Majesty's tenderness not only to the whole country, whose patron you would pretend to be, but to your own person in particular. I beseech you, therefore, to return to your allegiance, and submit yourself, and what belongs unto you, as to



the grace and protection of your good King; who, as he hath hitherto condescended unto all things asked, though to the exceeding great prejudice of his prerogative, so still you may find him like an indulgent father, ready to embrace his penitent children in his arms, although he hath been provoked with unspeakable injuries. But if you shall still continue obstinate, I call God to witness that, through your own stubbornness, I shall be compelled to endeavour to reduce you by force. So I rest your friend, if you please,

"MONTROSE."

This letter to the Earl of Argyll is a strong proof of the sincere enthusiasm of Montrose in the cause which he deemed that of honour and loyalty. But the biographer defaces his work by the continual and coarse attacks upon the leaders of the opposite party in Scotland. The honoured name of Argyll is the one which is naturally the object of greatest rancour. Party spirit overshoots its mark when, in writing of the foe of Montrose, a historian speaks of his "Pharisaical assumption of sanctity and false pretexts of religion and liberty," and generally represents his character in the blackest terms. Liar, coward, traitor, assassin, are among the common appellations used. "To call a spade a spade" the author had declared his purpose, but he has no right to call the spade a stileto. The end of Argyll, whose head was fixed on the same scaffold which had borne that of Montrose, might have quenched some of the animosity of the most zealous political partisan. But Mr. Napier thinks that much may be done by hardihood of assertion, in overturning settled opinions in history. Of the second Graham, Viscount Dundee, 'the bloody Claverhouse' as tradition still calls him in history, every historian has spoken in unvarying terms of just reprobation on account of his cruelty. Macaulay's sketch of Claverhouse represents him as "rapacious and profane, of violent temper, and obdurate heart," and as having "left a name which, wherever the Scottish race is settled on the face of the globe, is mentioned with a peculiar energy of hatred." "No historical character," says Mr. Napier, "has been more recklessly portrayed, or in colours more false than these. In due time, *Deo volente*, Dundee too must be redeemed from a vulgar error of history." This is enough to shake the confidence of many readers in the statements about Montrose. By such indiscriminate and blind zeal does the biographer do what in him lies to damage his own case. Nevertheless the fame of Montrose will be little affected by the indiscretion of his biographer. If the subject were new we would dwell upon the leading points elucidated by Mr. Napier's researches; but there is not much of historical importance now added to what has already appeared in 'The Life and Times of Montrose,' and the 'Memorials of Montrose,' printed for the Maitland Club. Among the materials published now for the first time by Mr. Napier are some poetical pieces, which show that Montrose could not wield the pen as he did the sword. There are also some new papers on public affairs, especially a letter on the supreme power in Government, discovered in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, showing a political sagacity for which the writer has not obtained sufficient credit. In this letter of warning, written before the actual outbreak of the civil war, Montrose predicts the certain consequence of the overthrow of the monarchical power:—

"Noblemen and gentlemen of good quality, what do you mean? Will you teach the people to

put down the Lord's anointed, and lay violent hands on his authority to whom both you and they owe subjection, and assistance with your goods, lives, and fortunes, by all the laws of God and man? Do ye think to stand and domineer over the people, in an aristocratic way,—the people who owe you small or no obligation? It is you, under your natural prince, that get all employment pregnant of honour or profit, in peace or war. You are the subjects of his liberality; your houses decayed, either by merit or his grace and favour are repaired, without which you fall in contempt; the people, jealous of their liberty, when you deserve best, to shelter themselves, will make you shorter by the head, or serve you with an ostracism. If their first act be against kingly power, their next act will be against you. For if the people be of a fierce nature, they will cut your throats; as the Switzers did of old; you shall be contemptible; as some of ancient houses are in Holland, their very burgomaster is the better man; your honours—life—fortunes stand at the discretion of a seditious preacher!

"And you, ye meaner people of Scotland—who are not capable of a Republic, for many grave reasons—why are you induced by specious pretexts, to your own heavy prejudice and detriment, to be instruments of others' ambition? Do ye not know, when the monarchical government is shaken, the great ones strive for the garland with your blood and your fortunes? Whereby you gain nothing; but, instead of a race of kings who have governed you two thousand years with peace and justice, and have preserved your liberties against all domineering nations, shall purchase to yourselves vultures and tigers to reign over your posterity; and yourselves shall endure all those miseries, massacres, and proscriptions of the Triumvirate of Rome,—the Kingdom fall again into the hands of one, who of necessity must, and for reason of state will, tyrannize over you."

A very interesting feature in the work is the series of illustrations, including four portraits of Montrose, three of them from original pictures not known to the public before. Mr. Napier's labours brought them to light. There are portraits also of some of Montrose's contemporaries, and of his relatives of the distinguished Scottish family of Napier. In connexion with the mention of the first Lord Napier, who was Montrose's guardian, Mr. Napier introduces some strictures on Mr. Macaulay's description of Scotland in his History. The criticism is as just in matter as it is energetic in style. It is one of the raciest passages in the new portion of the Montrose memorials:—

"It is manifest that in the days of Montrose they knew how to live as well as how to die. These domestic records of the larder, the pantry, and the cellar, whether in reference to the funeral, the wedding, or the sick-chamber, might create an appetite under the ribs of death. We are again tempted to compare them with the prouder records of that brilliant architect of theories, whose rich fancy, whether he treat historically or politically of the customs, habits, and characters of our ancestors, is apt to render him too independent of facts. Mr. Macaulay is speaking of the era when the union of the crowns had placed the resources of three kingdoms at the command of one monarch; and he contrasts the condition—intellectual and social—of Scotland with that of Ireland. 'In mental cultivation,' he says, 'Scotland had an indisputable superiority. Though that kingdom was then the poorest in Christendom, it already vied in every branch of learning with the most favoured countries. Scotsmen, whose dwellings and whose food were as wretched as those of the Icelanders of our time, wrote Latin verse with more than the delicacy of Vida, and made discoveries in science which would have added to the renown of Galileo. Ireland could boast of no Buchanan or Napier.' Comparatively poor, no doubt, was Scotland then; not over-rich now.

Many a hovel among the retainers, and many a rough and Runic board among the barons, born witness to the slow march of improvement and civilization there. The labouring classes, indeed, were poorly lodged and coarsely fed; thousands were worse off at this day. But those who rely upon the brilliant generalizations of this popular and dramatic historian, and suppose that they have here the true characteristics of an age and country, embalmed in a single antithesis, will be misled. Whoso regards such generalizations as oracular truths, and attempts to elongate them, like the precious web from the fairy's nut-shell, or to sound the depths and sources of these sparkling propositions, will sometimes find he has killed the bird that laid the golden egg. We take the instances upon which our historian so pointedly perils his proposition. Buchanan, who wrote Latin verses like Vida, might have dated his poetry from a palace; and as for his food, many were the regal tit-bits, the savoury crumbs of pasties and preserves, the savoy-amber, the pistache-amber, and the fennel, that adhered to the liquorish moustache of the royal dominie. Then the discoverer of the Logarithms, the father of Montrose's guardian, Lord Napier, who indeed only died within the lifetime of our hero, his dwellings—for he had many—and, doubtless, the food at his command, were of the same substantial and luxurious order, as that through which we are now tracing the boyhood of the great Marquis. Young Montrose's headquarters at Edinburgh, in which we find every symptom of his having enjoyed comfort, good cheer, and harmless revelry, were—besides Lord Napier's town mansion, with its 'close,' within the precincts of Holyroodhouse—the stately and commodious old tower of Merchiston, the seat of the barony, at the south-west entrance to the city; a dwelling which, for generations before the time of the philosopher, had been something very different from those of 'the wretched Icelanders of our time.' In the sixteenth century, we have distinct records of the out-houses, the granges, and the barns, which formed the outworks of the Castle of Merchiston, all indicative of a great and more than substantial dwelling. The laird of the Logarithms dwelt within walls which withstood many a siege during the 'King and Queen's wars.' This ancient castle was one of the happy homes of Montrose's youth, who was five years of age before the 'marvellous Merchiston' died. And to that dwelling was conveyed the hero's heart, when stolen from his grave beneath the gallows, on the night of his execution. Many and various were the characteristics and conditions of the old castle of Merchiston, but, assuredly, Icelandic it never was. The Scottish worthy, whose genius our historian so fully appreciates, was a great sterner farmer, as was his father before him, and his son after him. They were careful of stock, and cautious in cultivation. The philosopher's time and great genius were about equally bestowed upon algebra, agriculture, and the battle of Armageddon; and, doubtless, he would have grimly chuckled over such a description of his 'dwellings,' and his 'food,' as that with which we are favoured, *currente calamo*, by a writer of the nineteenth century. Merchiston's new order of tillage, pasturage, and the management of cattle in the home farm, published in the interval between the 'King and Queen's wars,' and the wars of Montrose, show warm, placid, and pastoral, as a Cuyt between Sneders and Borgonone. And the quaint beauties, that for generations wagged merrily in those old halls, had grown out of the best of beef, and 'Enter ale,' besides 'wild meat,' 'comfits,' and 'chopins of claret wyne,'—long before the time when, says Mr. Macaulay, the intellectual immortality of Scotland dwelt in Icelandic caves, and fed on gabbage."

The pleasant and vivid glimpses into the domestic and social life of Scotland in the seventeenth century form no small portion of the historical value of the Memorials of Montrose. Although we have spoken disparagingly of Mr. Napier's literary skill and editorial

judgment, we fully appreciate the untiring zeal and the warm enthusiasm with which he has laboured in his favourite field, and know the value of the original materials which he has provided for the use of the impartial historian.

*Lays of Memory: Sacred and Social.* By a Mother and her Son. Hurst and Blackett. *Troubled Dreams: being Original Poems.* By John Haultleigh. Saunders and Otley. *The Shadow of the Yew; and other Poems.* By N. B. Yonge. Saunders and Otley. *Vestigia.* By One of the Million. Saunders and Otley.

*A Summer Daydream; and other Poems.* By Theta. Saunders and Otley.

*My Pocket Lyre; the Accompaniment of a Traveller's Evenings on the Continent.* By Rev. J. W. Tomlinson. Judd and Glass. *Pebbles from Parnassus.* Laver.

WHATEVER may be said about the decline of poetry, the number of poets does not diminish, as this ample list attests. Although none of them approach to classical worth, yet they may obtain passing mention, and some of them are equal to the works of writers who in the present day are puffed and lauded as wonderful bards. It may be with poetry now as with philosophy; when surprise or regret is expressed that no names are known of surpassing fame, the consoling consideration is that science is more generally diffused, and fewer men of pre-eminence are to be looked for. However this may be, the love of poetry is not declining, and the zeal of its cultivators appears in the number of volumes published year by year with the prospect of much loss and of little fame to their authors. The experience of one generation is thrown away upon their successors, and few authors have the good fortune to meet with faithful friends or candid critics before going to press. After all, in such cases little heed might be paid to warnings and forebodings, and we must be content to give as civil a reception as possible to those who have done their best, while gratifying their own tastes, to please the public. The first and largest volume on our list contains many pieces which might have better remained in the family circle to which they relate. Some poetry, though suggested by personal affections, is of a kind which touches universal sympathy, and addresses itself to the common heart of humanity. Such is the spirit of Cowper's lines on the portrait of his mother, which awaken feelings of deep and common tenderness. But it is otherwise with such subjects as 'Lines to Bessie on her Birthday,' or 'Lines in an Album of Family Portraits,' very interesting to the writer, but as meaningless to the reader as miniatures in an exhibition are to passing spectators. Occasionally a picture arrests attention as a work of art, but it is not often that poems on private subjects have literary merit to make up for want of interest in the subject. This criticism applies to a large proportion of the Sacred and Social Lays by a Mother and Son, and to many of the poems in the other volumes before us. In plain words, a great deal too much is printed, thereby diminishing the chance of the remainder obtaining fair consideration.

Of the family poems by the mother, we select the lines written on watching the rising of the harvest moon:—

"Sweet is the hour of parting day to me,  
As from behind our spreading Cedar Tree,  
The Harvest Moon, in solemn grandeur shines,  
And to deep gratitude my heart inclines!

I love to watch her progress o'er the grove,  
Till from the vaulted cloudless sky above,  
Cleared from the mists of earth, her lovely face  
Seems to regard us with maternal grace.

Queen of the Night! her glorious beams convey  
To many a winding shore and lonely bay  
Sweet thoughts of home to wanderers far away.

And, radiant o'er old Ocean's wide expanse,  
In every clime, Man's thoughtful mind entrance,  
On Transatlantic and on Indian lands

They soothe the sorrowing captive in his hands:  
His aching temples as they gently kiss,  
Inspire his heart with momentary bliss:

Whirl polar skies, where fiery meteors blaze  
Though their long nights, enjoy her milder rays,  
And in our own much favoured happy Isle

Their lustre glids full many a sacred pile,  
And round the Castle's terraced height they shed  
New beauty on each lovely gaze's head!

Or to the cabins of the poor impart  
A light surpassing all the aid of art!

Cheering the sick man's chamber with their glow,  
And Shepherds watching on the Mountain's brow,  
Or, to some youthful pair, in shady grove,

Bear friendly witness to their faithful love—  
As now to ours, dear partner of my way,  
Through many a bright, and many a cloudy day.

Let not her heavenly beauties shine in vain,  
But like the Patriarch on Mamre's plain,  
And those who dwelt on Zorah's coast of old,

The parents of the Danite warrior bold,  
To God, our mighty Maker, let us raise  
Our evening sacrifice of prayer and praise:

Strong in the panoply of faith divine,  
May our young soldier's future actions shine,  
And all our children those rich mercies reap,

Promised to such as His blest covenant keep.  
Ah! where are they, our dear young pilgrims now,  
In quest of founts where healing waters flow!

"Fair Moon! inspirer of my votive lay,  
I love to think thy beams around them play,  
As 'midst Bavaria's forests, wild and bold,

Where ranged full many a savage tribe of old—  
Beneath the ancient Beech trees' pleasant grove,  
Upon the banks of Zaal and Zinn they rove,

Or, from the windows feel thy silent charm,  
With heavenly ardour their sweet converse warm.  
Queen of the Night! where'er their footsteps stray,

Do thou, benignant, smile upon their way;  
May the bright Star of Jacob be their guide,  
And holy Angels o'er their path preside!"

Of the 'Troubled Dreams' of John Haultleigh, the most coherent is that which relates to the early loss of the inspirer of his love and his poetry, whom he commemorates under the name of Floranthe:—

"There, by that fountain where we strangely met,  
And spoke our passion in the twilight hour  
Among the mystic pines—there slumbers yet  
What'er of earth he left thy loftier dower

O loving intellect—there many a flower,  
In melancholy beauty, weeps its dew.  
There cypress boughs have wov'n a sobbing bower,

Wherein the nightingale, to lovers true,  
Still pours her dulcet grief, and tells her tale anew!

"Ah! foolish weakness, which would thus prolong  
Youth's amorous dreams, and passion's hoarded flame!  
Why blend with tears the current of my song?  
Why fondly mourn o'er dead Floranthe's name?

The past returns not—but what else can claim  
From me the tribute of a single sigh?  
The present wearies with its aspect tame—  
The gloomy future to the poet's eye

Hath open'd all her store—and all is vanity!

"The one bright star in heav'n—the one green spot—  
The desert-well—the pilgrim's palm-tree shade—  
The one remember'd o'er the rest forgot—  
Th' ideal home in memory's distance made—

Oh! marvel not that, in life's autumn shade,  
This only feeling fills my bosom's core!  
Nor deems adversities are overpaid  
By fading visions, which would fain restore

The days whose perfect truth can gladden me no more!"

In 'The Shadow of the Yew,' also, a philosophizing swain seeks relief from blighted affection in sighs and song, but in his case the fair one seems to have been hardly worth the monologues that stretch through a hundred and fifty pages. Here is one of the early recollections of the story:—

"We stood together in the old oak wood!  
The sunbeams danced around us, and the breeze  
Played with the russet anuburn of the trees,  
In Autumn's fitful mood.

"But little recked we of the signs of death,—  
The leaves that rustled o'er the violet's bed,  
The cower'd ash that shivered overhead,  
Trembling at Winter's breath.

"In vain we searched, for not a flower smiled:  
Save in the meadow by the merling stream  
Lingered awhile the saffron's purple gleam,  
Brown Autumn's favourite child.

"There fell two acorns from the old oak tree;  
Slowly she bent, as bends the graceful fawn  
To crop the herbage on the emerald lawn;  
She smiled and gave them me.

"We made a compact, such as lovers make,  
To gaze each night upon the evening star,  
Though seas of oceans should divide us far,  
Each for the other's sake.

"We crossed the meadow, dipped in diamond dew,  
At home a new-titled plot of earth we found,  
And dropped the token-acorns in the ground,  
Close by my own dark yew.

"We breathed a prayer in confidence of love,  
As those twin saplings, planted side by side,  
Should grow in beauty, and increase in pride,  
So might our own lot prove!"

The youth goes to sea for some years, and on returning finds one of the oak saplings flourishing, but no trace of the other, and its Dryad, whether by choice or fate, the wife of another man! Years afterwards the state of the poet's mind appears in these lines:—

"But I—in evening's grayish light,  
Beneath the arching linden trees,  
I watch the honey-laden bees,  
Wending their homeward flight.

"Alone upon his widowed nest,  
Mourning his solitary state,  
The wood-dove woos his absent mate,  
And from his plaintive breast,

"Floating above the slumbering grove,  
His low, sad, melancholy moan  
Finds in my heart an answering tone,  
A strain of hopeless love!"

THE author of 'Vestigia' is a man of some vigour of mind and variety of thought, but in the art of poetry he is what he calls himself, "one of the million." Yet his book is more worth reading than some volumes of melodious verse spun out of scantier intellectual substance. The principal poem in the volume is an irregular drama, entitled *Life Glimpses of an Idealist*. The hero is a reserved and misanthropic, but warm-hearted and generous English baronet, Sir Wyndham Grey, who appears with his yacht in Sicily, where the principal scenes are laid. Grey has loved with deep passion his Sicilian cousin, Lady Ida, but she is the affianced of Count Coligni.

A Jesuit, Orsino, an accomplished villain, plots to get Ida into a convent, the vestal Lady Abbess of which, it turns out at the dénouement of the tragedy, is Orsino's mother. Grey gets notice of the plot, and when Coligni is about to be attacked and killed by Orsino, he becomes the generous rescuer of his own rival, and the avenger of Ida. Orsino takes poison to escape the sword.

Portions of the story are told in a most prosaic way. The lines where Grey is preparing for the scuffle might belong to a melodramatic scene in a minor theatre. Dawson, the supernumerary, despatched for the rockets "to pepper the Lazzaroni, and finish off the rascals," is a touch of the ridiculous, though the language is what would probably be used on such an occasion on board a yacht. But this is no excuse for its being found in poetry.

"Grey. Warp up the schooner close upon the shore;  
Let all the guns with canister be shotted,  
To pepper well the ruffian Lazzaroni.

When we have scattered them, they are sure to scamper  
Down by the shore, just in the reach of grape!  
Be quick.

Ere two hours hence Urbano will be here,  
With half his regiment, to seize Coligni  
And murder him—a plan contrived  
By that hell-priest Orsino. Fifty men  
And a few rockets I'm expecting now—  
I've sent off Dawson for them. And the schooner  
Will warp along the shore to finish off  
The rascals that escape us in the fray.

What think you, Hardy, of my scheme of battle?"

A more poetical passage we give from a later portion of the poem, where two years afterwards Grey appears among the Alps near the Grimsel, the Countess Ida having in the interval died:—



"The death-pale glacier, and the herbless crag  
Lifting its smooth and red-velvet nakedness  
To the cold crystal wintry blue of Heaven!—  
Unquickened chaos—blanket solitude  
That only wakes from silence to a sigh,  
As the wind flutters on from rock to rock:—  
Death unto death! here let me rest awhile,  
Chilled to content by harmony of ruin,  
Between what now I look on and myself.  
'Tis beautiful! but hushed, and cold, and still;  
The beautiful in Death's white garments clad,  
Bride of the grave, and mute before her lord.  
Who knows the tale of earth's unending change?  
Perchance beyond far myriads of years,  
This dumb and bleak and shattered wilderness  
Was clothed with life—with forests of strange trees  
Mighty and palm-like; and the song of birds  
More brightly winged than those of Indian birth;  
And the low hum of insects—engager life,  
The wild fantastic morning life of earth,  
Untamed beneath the tyranny of man.  
And then came desolation, and the roar  
Of earthquakes, and the green and teeming plain  
Was cracked and swollen, and trembled up thro' flame  
In splintered rocks, and mountain peaks that smoked  
Against the red and fire-flushed firmament.  
For all that live wait suffering, loss, and death;  
And after death (in whispers of the dead  
Some mourners say they've heard) come life all morn—  
And love that knows no change. Could I sleep speak,  
Though but as one that dreameth in her sleep,  
No lover waits so constant for the smile  
He prays to light him from his lady's bower,  
As I would hang upon the grave to list  
That unvoiced music of her sleeping soul;  
And I would make me friends of Death, and beg  
A little pity for one whispered thought,  
A hint half-hidden, 'We shall love again!'"

FROM the poems of Theta, the lines most worthy of notice are those on the theme, *How David the King waxed Faint in the Battle*:—

"King David went to battle, with a small but chosen band,  
And his soldiers were the heroes and the glory of the land,  
Well worthy to be general'd by Jesse's valiant son,  
Who by his single arm, of yore, the victory had won.  
But the King was past his boyhood, though his spirit was as bold

As when he fought the Philistine, and vanquish'd him of old;  
And it was so, though he sallied forth to battle for the right,  
He wax'd faint, and very feeble, in the thickest of the fight."

The legend then tells how Isbi-Benoh, one of the Philistine giants, came down upon the aged king, and would have made an end of him, but for the timely valour of the bold Abishai. From which incident was drawn a sensible conclusion, not without its application in our modern wars:—

"Then swore the men of David, no more shall David go,  
With us to share the danger, with us to face the foe;  
We'll choose another leader who shall lead us to the fight,  
See David! that thou quench not old Israel's brightest light!  
So they thought him old to battle, though they judg'd him  
wise to rule.  
Who had learnt his large experience in a hard, unbending  
school.  
And they reverence'd his wisdom, and his hoary head they  
bless'd,  
And his latter days were peaceful, as his boyhood's were  
distrest.  
How well might England follow those who in the days of  
yore  
Kept the old at home to govern, sent the young and strong  
to war!"

MR. TOMLINSON seems to have beguiled some of the hours of evening during a tour on the Continent, or more probably after his return home, by turning into rhyme portions of Murray's Handbooks, and publishes these poems under the title of 'My Pocket Lyre.' An ill-natured critic would be tempted to say that he had better have kept his lyre in his own pocket. But there are some of the pieces not unworthy of publicity. The longest poem is on the Rock of Nice, in which the author introduces notices of many of the leading events of early Italian history. Of the miscellaneous sketches we give the lines on the Moravian settlement of Herrnhut:—

"Welcome, sweet Herrnhut! garden of the soul,  
In thee, my weary circuits touch a goal;  
So deeply still—the business of life  
Flows gently here, untroubled by the strife.  
Here 'pure religion' guards her best retreat,  
And children's children press their grandfathers' feet.  
Who, oft repairing to a kindred tomb,  
Renew the spirit of the living home.

"A stranger's blessing mingle with thy own  
On the kind founder, who first oiled the stone  
Of a meek few, by persecution's blast,  
As exiles, orphans—on his threshold cast.  
Still more, their Father-God's protecting grace,  
The 'cloud which followed,' hover'd o'er the place  
Where flight should cease—in Zinzendorf's domain,  
Link of Sassonia's equitable reign!"

"Fenced from the world, and severed from the thorn,  
What comely fruit this single plant has borne!  
The lamp first fixed, and shining bright at home,  
Was destined, like the sun, wide earth to roam.  
Sprung from this sacred nest, have eaglets flown,  
And dropped immortal seeds on every zone,  
Britain awak'd—reviv'd—her tribute pays,  
And yields the good Moravian Watchers praise.

"Greenland's far race—forgotten and despaired,  
By their prophetic eye of love embriz'd,  
Learned on its lips to draw consoling balm,  
And warm their frozen jails with kindling psalm.  
To Africa's abject children, reached their sight,  
These felt their bondage, and their toils grow light!  
Look! by their canes, slaves bow the patient knee,  
That freedom ask, 'with which the Son makes free!'"

"So various are the crowns thy birthday greet,  
Blest simple mother, and embower thy seat—  
So multiplied thy stems, such fruit sublime,  
Thy sons and daughters raise from clime to clime,  
E'en Luther's realms admit the vig'rous shoot,  
And honour scions from the parent root."

There are some good lines on the Wart-burg:—

"Thou, with an easy, hospitable chain,  
Thy trusted guest (no prisoner) didst detain;  
The silence of thy lone embower'd retreat  
Brought healthful respite to his warlike heat—  
Invited him to study, and re-dwell  
Once more in Erfurt's meditative cell;  
Here, like a cloud arrested in its flight,  
He stor'd his quiver with the shafts of light;  
Releas'd 'the witnesses' imprison'd long,  
And taught them ut'rance in Germania's tongue."

Some of the sketches are satirical, as this, after visiting the church of St. Pudencia:—

"Pudens!—write Iupendens, and write it plain!  
Peter himself rebukes the lying fane,  
Which states 'he' sacrificed for *live and dead*:  
So strange a *mess* ne'er entered in his head.  
As gross a lie on th' inner wall appears;  
'Here souls are bail'd, up to 3000 years!'  
The souls respond, 'If damned at last we be,  
'Twere better of the furlough to be *free*!'"

Of the poems published under the modest title of 'Pebbles from Parnassus,' that entitled *The Children and the Tombs* pleases us most, though others may have more flow of rhythm or happiness of diction:—

"Day was fading, and the shade,  
Cast by statary cedars, made  
On the paths that dimly led  
Over gravestones of the dead—  
Over many a hienched tomb  
Arabesques of gold and gloom.

"For the sun, though sinking fast,  
On the cedar branch cast  
All the splendour of his light,  
Ere he faded from the sight,  
As on us may rest awhile  
Some beloved one's latest smile.

"In the distance, dimly seen  
Through the avenue of green,  
With its low-arched Norman porch,  
Stood the quiet village church,  
Grey, and old, and ivy-bound  
From the steeple to the ground.

"Looking through the open door,  
On the worn and hallowed floor,  
You might note, with wondering eyes,  
Many-coloured mysteries,  
Wrought by the heraldic stains  
Of the painted window panes.

"Whilst the bells within the tower,  
Ringing loud, then ebbing lower,  
Seemed to fling upon the gale  
Some impetuous varied tale—  
Joyful when they rang out bravely,  
Woful when they murmured gravely.

"And among the tombstones grey  
Village children *re* at play,  
Laughing loud and singing clear,  
Heedless of the dust so near,  
Weaving many a daisy wreath,  
Gathered from that field of death.

"And, oh reader, art not thou,  
Where'er thou wanderest—even now  
(Like those children young and gay),  
Careless 'mid the tombs at play;  
For, which one amongst us all  
Knows where next the shaft may fall?"

"Ah, then heed my simple lay,  
Be thou innocent as they;  
Gaily sing and blithely sport,  
But keep pure in act and thought,  
For dim graves are yawning round,  
Though they show nor stone nor mound."

*The Hills of the Shatemuc.* By the Author of 'The Wide, Wide World.' Edinburgh: Constable & Co. London: Low, Son, & Co. *The Hills of the Shatemuc.* By Miss Warner. Routledge & Co.

WITH the exception of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, the author of 'The Wide, Wide World' is the most popular of living American novelists. Her books have an immense circulation in the States, and being unprotected by copyright, they are seized with avidity by the publishers of this country. Of her last tale, 'The Hills of the Shatemuc,' three reprints have appeared already. It is worth while examining the causes of this popularity. Without referring to her former novels, the story of 'The Hills of the Shatemuc' may be taken as characteristic of the author's style, for there is unmitigated sameness in all her writings. The story is slight in its materials and simple in its plot, the narrative is tardy and the reflections trite, and the bulk of the book consists of interminable talk between the personages of the tale, with a run of interrogatories that savour very much of the ridiculous, and are tiresome to the reader.

Whole chapters of this conversational dialogue, in abrupt short sentences, constantly recur, the connecting narrative moving sluggishly onward at uncertain intervals, reminding one of those inland African rivers, the course of which is often lost amidst sand or swamp. The *dramatis personæ* are drawn distinctly enough, so far as their moral characters or outward pursuits are concerned, but with few exceptions their modes of thought and forms of speech are all cast in the same smooth and facile mould. Among the qualities of authorship one of the highest is that of being suggestive, or, as it has been expressed, leaving room for reading between the words that meet the eye. But nothing of this kind is possible in these tales. Every description is elaborately minute, and every dialogue exhaustive of the subject in hand. Whence, then, the unusual popularity of this writer, and the extraordinary success of her books? Some merit they must have, and of no mean order, to command such success in spite of faults that at first appear fatal. One great excellence is the high moral feeling that pervades them, and the religious tone apparent throughout. Then there is a hearty and sincere love of Nature, evinced in the frequent and glowing descriptions of the varied scenery of the New World. And, lastly, though the writer's knowledge of life is limited, there is a keen perception and skilful delineation of character in the little sphere of her own experience and observation. These good qualities carry the majority of readers, uncriticising and satisfied, through the hundreds of densely printed pages of which the books consist. One wonders now how the many-volumed novels of Richardson and writers of his school were so popular. With all their wearisomeness they had good qualities which were rare in their day, and these American stories likewise have merits not found in books of greater intellectual power and artistic skill. They are books which may be introduced into every household, even where works of fiction are regarded



with suspicion, with the certainty of suggesting no evil, and of affording at least harmless amusement.

Winthrop Landholm, the hero of the tale, is one of the sons of a farmer in a remote region of the West, who, partly from ambition, partly from desire to relieve the family from difficulties, resolves to push his fortune in the world. The opening chapter reveals this purpose in a dialogue between Winthrop and his brother Rufus:—

"If the farm was clear," said the elder, "I'd stand the chance of its paying: it's that keeps us down."

"What?"

"That debt."

"What debt?"

"Why, the interest on the mortgage."

"I don't know what you are talking of."

"Why," said Rufus, a little impatiently, "don't you know that when papa bought the property, he couldn't pay off the whole price right down, and so he was obliged to leave the rest owing, and give security."

"What security?"

"Why, a mortgage on the farm, as I told you."

"What do you mean by a mortgage?"

"Why, he gave a right over the farm—a right to sell the farm at a certain time, if the debt was not paid and the interest upon it."

"What is the debt?"

"Several thousands, I believe."

"And how much does he have to pay upon that every year?"

"I don't know exactly—one or two, two or three hundred dollars; and that keeps us down, you see, till the mortgage is paid off."

"I didn't know that."

"They sat silent a little time. Then Winthrop said:

"You and I must pay that money off, Will."

"Ay—but still there's a question which is the best way to do it," said Rufus.

"The best way, I've a notion," said Winthrop, looking round at his cattle,—is not to take too long moon-spells in the afternoon."

"Stop a bit. Sit down!—I want to speak to you. Do you want to spend all your life following the oven?"

"Winthrop stopped certainly, but he waited in silence."

"I don't!"

"What do you want to do?"

"I don't know—something—"

"What is the matter, Will?"

"Matter!" said the other, while his fine features showed the changing lights and shadows of a summer day,—why, Winthrop, that I am not willing to stay here and be a ploughman all my life, when I might be something better!"

"The other's heart beat; but after an instant he answered calmly,

"How can you be anything better, Will?"

"Do you think all the world lies under the shadow of Wut-a-quo?"

"What do you mean?"

"Do you think all the world is like this little world which those hills shut in?"

"No," said Winthrop, his eye going over to the blue depths and golden ridge-tops, which it did not see;—"but—"

"Where does that river lead to?"

"It leads to Mannahatta. What of that?"

"There is a world there, Winthrop—another sort of world—where people know something—where other things are to be done than running plough furrows—where men may distinguish themselves—where men may read and write, and do something great, and grow to be something besides what nature made them. I want to be in that world."

"They both paused."

"But what will you do, Rufus, to get into that world?—we are shut in here."

"I am not shut in!" said the elder brother; and brow, and lip, and nostril said it over again. "I will live for something greater than this!"

For juvenile readers this minute style of dialogue may be instructive as well as entertaining, the meaning of "security" and "mortgage" and other familiar terms being explained. And if we are to suppose the story written for such readers, this consideration may temper judgment on its merits as a literary production. Winthrop in this spirit, something between that of Rasselas and of the discontented squirrel in the fable, makes his way beyond the mountains, and in due time, after passing through school and college, becomes bound to a lawyer named Mr. Haye. Now this lawyer had a daughter, Elizabeth, and she becomes at last Mrs. Winthrop Landholm. How this came about the story relates, additional interest being given by the mortgaged farm coming into the lawyer's power, as explained in these letters:—

"No. 11, Parade, Dec. 20, 1821.

"I have just heard, briefly and vaguely, of the difficulties between my father and your brother, and of the remedies you, Mr. Landholm, are employing. I do not know the truth nor the details of anything beyond the bare outlines. Those are enough, and more than I know how to bear. I don't wish to have anything explained to me. But Mr. Landholm, grant me one favour—you must grant it, if you please—do not let it be explained any further to anybody. All you want, I suppose, is to see your brother righted. I will pay the utmost of what is due to him. I do not understand how the business lies—but I will furnish all the money that is wanting to set it right and put an end to the proceedings, if you will only let me know what it is. Please let me know it, and let me do this, Mr. Landholm; it is my right; and I need not ask you, keep my knowledge of it secret from everybody. I am sure you must see that what I ask is my right." "ELIZABETH HAYE."

"Little South-street, Dec. 21, 1821.

"Your note, Miss Haye, has put me in some difficulty, but after a good deal of consideration I have made up my mind to allow the 'right' you claim. It is your right, and I have no right to deprive you of it. Yet the difficulty reaches further still; for without details, which you waive, the result which you wish to know must stand upon my word alone. I dislike exceedingly it should so stand; but I am constrained here also to admit, that if you choose to trust me rather than have the trouble of the accounts, it is just that you should have your choice."

"My brother's owing to Mr. Haye, for which he is held responsible, is in the sum of eleven hundred and forty-one dollars. I have the honour to be, with great respect,

"WINTHROP LANDHOLM."

Now we pass to a time when the tone of cold respect is thawed, and the lovers are together. The farm has become the property of Elizabeth, but not for herself only:—

"They turned short by the boulder, and began to mount the steep rugged hill-path, down which he had once carried his little sister. Elizabeth could make better footing than poor Winifred; and very soon they stood on the old height from which they could see the fair Shatamuc coming down between the hills and sweeping round their own little woody Shahweetah and off to the South Bend. The sun was bright on all the land now, though the cedars shielded the bit of hill-top well; and Wut-a-quo looked down upon them in all his gay autumn attire. The sun was bright, but the air was clear and soft, and free from mist, and cloud, and obscurity, as no sky is but October's."

"Sit down," said Winthrop, throwing himself on the bank which was carpeted with very short green grass.

"I would just as I ever stand, said Elizabeth.

"I wouldn't as I ever have you. You've been on your feet long enough to-day. Come!—"

"She yielded to the gentle pulling of her hand,

and sat down on the grass, half amused and half fretted; wondering what he was going to say next. Winthrop was silent for a little space; and Elizabeth sat looking straight before her, or rather with her head a little turned to the right, from her companion, towards Wut-a-quo; the deep sides of her sun bonnet shutting out all but a little framed picture of the gay woody foreground, a bit of the blue river, and the mountain's yellow side.

"How beautiful it was all down there, three or four hours ago," said Elizabeth.

"I didn't know you had so much romance in your disposition—to go there this morning to meet me."

"I didn't go there to meet you."

"Yes, you did."

"I didn't!" said Elizabeth. "I never thought of such a thing as meeting you."

"Nevertheless, in the regular chain and sequence of events, you went there to meet me. If you hadn't gone, you wouldn't have met me."

"Oh, if you put it in that way," said Elizabeth, "there's no harm in that."

"There is no harm in it at all. Quite the contrary."

"I think it was the prettiest walk I ever took in my life," said Elizabeth,—before that, I mean," she added, blushing.

"My experience would say after it," said Winthrop, in an amused tone.

"It was rather a confused walk after that," said Elizabeth. "I never was quite so much surprised."

"You see I had not that disadvantage. I was only—gratified."

"Why," said Elizabeth, her jealous fear instantly starting again, "you didn't know what my answer would be before you asked me!" She waited for Winthrop's answer, but none came. Elizabeth could not bear it.

"Did you?" she said, looking round in her eagerness.

"He hesitated an instant, and then answered, 'Did you?'"

"Elizabeth had no words. Her face sought the shelter of her sun-bonnet again, and she almost felt as if she would have liked to seek the shelter of the earth bodily, by diving down into it. Her brain was swimming. There was a rush of thoughts and ideas, a train of scattered causes and consequences, which then she had no power to set in order; but the rush almost overwhelmed her, and what was wanting, shame added. She was vexed with herself for her jealousy in divining, and her impatience in asking foolish questions; and in her vexation was ready to be vexed with Winthrop,—if she only knew how. She longed to lay her head down in her hands, but pride kept it up. She rested her chin on one hand, and wondered when Winthrop would speak again,—she could not,—and what he would say; gazing at the blue bit of water and gay mountain-side, and thinking that she was not giving him a particularly favourable specimen of herself that morning, and vexed out of measure to think it. Then upon this, a very quietly spoken "Elizabeth!" came to her ear. It was the first time Winthrop had called her so; but that was not all. Quietly spoken as it was, there was not only a little inquiry, there was a little amusement and a little admonition in the tone. It stirred Elizabeth to her spirit's depths, but with several feelings; and for the life of her, she could not have spoken."

"What is the reason you should hide your face so carefully from me?" he went on presently, much in the same tone. "Mine is open to you—it isn't fair play."

"Elizabeth could have laughed if she had not been afraid of crying. She kept herself hid in her sun-bonnet, and made no reply."

A row on the river followed, and here there is given one of the charming descriptions of scenery which are frequent throughout the book:—

"Shahweetah's low rocky shore never offered more beauty to any eyes than to theirs that day, as they coasted slowly round it. Colours, colours!"

If October had been a dyer, he could not have shown a greater variety of samples.

"There were some locust trees in the open cedar-grown field by the river; trees that Mr. Landholm had planted long ago. They were slow to turn, yet they were changing. One soft feathery head was in yellowish green, another of more neutral colour; and blending with them were the tints of a few reddish soft-tinted alders below. That group was not gay. Further on were a thicket of dull coloured alders at the edge of some flags, and above them blazed a giant huckleberry bush in bright flame colour; close by that were the purple red tufts of some common sumachs—the one beautifully rich, the other beautifully striking. A little way from them stood a tulip tree, its green changing with yellow. Beyond came cedars, in groups, wreathed with bright tawny grape vines, and splendid Virginia creepers, now in full glory. Above their tops, on the higher ground, was a rich green belt of pines—above them, the changing trees of the forest again. Here showed an elm its straw-coloured head—there stood an ash in beautiful grey-purple; very stately. The cornus family in rich crimson—others crimson-purple; maples showing yellow and flame-colour and red all at once; one beauty still in green was orange-tipped with rich orange. The birches were a darker hue of the same colour; hickories bright as gold. Then came the rocks, and rocky precipitous point of Shahweeth; and the echo of the rockworks from the wall. Then the point was turned, and the little boat sought the bottom of the bay, nearing Mountain Spring all the while. The water was glassy smooth; the boat went—too fast. Down in the bay the character of the woodland was a little different. It was of fuller growth, and with many fewer evergreens, and some addition to the variety of the changing deciduous leaves. When they got quite to the bottom of the bay and were coasting along close under the shore, there was perhaps a more striking display of Autumn's glories at their side, than the rocks of Shahweeth could show them. They coasted slowly along, looking and talking. The combinations were beautiful. There was the dark fine bright red of some pepperidge showing behind the green of an unchanged maple; near by stood another maple, the leaves of which were all seemingly withered, a plain reddish light wood-colour; while below its withered foliage a thrifty poison sumach, wreathing round its trunk and lower branches, was in a beautiful confusion of fresh green and the orange and red changes, yet but just begun. Then another slight maple with the same dead wood-coloured leaves, into which, to the very top, a Virginia creeper had twined itself, and that was now brilliantly scarlet, magnificent in the last degree. Another like it a few trees off—both reflected gorgeously in the still water. Rock oaks were part green and part sear; at the edge of the shore below them a quantity of reddish low shrubbery; the cornus, dark crimson and red brown, with its white berries showing underneath, and more pepperidge in very bright red. One maple stood with its leaves part-coloured: reddish and green—another with beautiful orange-coloured foliage. Ashes in superb very dark purple; they were all changed. Then alders, oaks, and chest-nuts still green. A kaleidoscope view, on water and land, as the little boat glided along sending rainbow ripples in towards the shore. In the bottom of the bay Winthrop brought the boat to land, under a great red oak which stood in its fair dark green beauty yet at the very edge of the water. Mountain Spring was a little way off, hidden by an outsetting point of woods. As the boat touched the tree-roots, Winthrop laid in the oars, and came and took a seat by the boat's mistress."

In the personages of the German Professor Herder, and in Clam, the faithful little negress, the author has successfully broken the too great uniformity of the dialogue of the tale. By taking in a larger range of character, and by avoiding the elaborateness of detail of which we have complained, the

author of 'Queechy' may yet produce a work of lasting reputation as well as of passing popularity.

*Popular History of the Palms and their Allies.* By Berthold Seemann, Ph.D., F.L.S. Reeve.

ALTHOUGH appearing in a series of popular manuals, Dr. Seemann's History of the Palms is a monograph containing much new matter, and a larger amount of information on the subject than has appeared in any single volume. The author's own botanical knowledge, acquired both by study at home and by observation during travels in tropical countries, qualified him for the task which he undertook, and in addition to this he has had the assistance of some of the highest authorities on the subject. Notes on the Palms of Seinde and other parts of India had been communicated by the late Dr. Stocks; Professor C. B. Hiller drew up a report of the palms of the south-eastern states of Mexico; Mr. John Miers contributed notes on the species of Chili and Peru; Dr. Carl Bolle wrote a chapter on the palms of the Canary Islands; Dr. Hooker imparted information obtained during his Antarctic explorations; and Mr. Smith, the curator of the gardens at Kew, contributed materials derived partly from books and partly from travellers who had visited the gardens. Some notes from Professor Göppert, the well-known palaeontologist, give the necessary information about fossil palms. Few of the works of botanists and travellers within reach have been unexamined in quest of materials. It is rarely that a monograph has appeared with so many advantages, and it is only fair to Dr. Seemann to say how judiciously he has availed himself of the aid volunteered by his scientific friends in the preparation of his work. The subject in itself is one of much interest, and to the manner in which it is treated by Dr. Seemann, sufficient testimony is borne in the following letter from the venerable Humboldt, in acceding to the request to permit it to be dedicated to him.

"Berlin, June 18, 1855.

"My dear Friend and 'Travelling Companion,'—Your kind letter of the 13th instant has been a source of great pleasure to me. I received it the moment of my return from Potsdam, early this morning, there being no postal delivery on a Sunday at Berlin. As there is only an hour left until the departure of the mail-train, and as you are pleased to long for a speedy answer, I must unfortunately be very brief in expressing my high sense of gratitude for the honour you intend to confer upon me. A dedication from you, dear Seemann, cannot but be extremely agreeable and flattering, and I gladly accept your favour, but on the express condition that you will simply call me your friend, and avoid every species of titulation, which is quite contrary to my way of thinking. . . . Your Work will, I am convinced, go through several editions; it begins in a jovial strain, but never oversteps, according to my opinion, the boundaries of good taste; it may be called popular, because, without supposing the reader to be possessed of any great botanical knowledge, it supplies him with an agreeable literary recreation. The 'low connexions' (p. 12) with the plebeian Grasses have not proved a serious disadvantage to your patrician, aristocratic Palms. . . . I have read line for line of the sheets you sent, and as a proof thereof note two unfortunate misprints, which I discovered at page 33 and 34. The first is *Moricheles* instead of *Morichales*. The terminations indicative of forests (*Waldendigungen*) form themselves in Spanish always in 'al' or 'ar'; thus, Pino, Pinal or Pinar (Pine-forest); Olivo, Olivar (Olive-forest); Roble,

Robledar (Oak-forest). The second misprint is *Cauca* and *Erenato*, instead of *Caura* and *Erenato*. Of the *Caura*, which flows into the *Erenato*, I have published a special chart. *Caura*, again, is a tributary of the Orinoco, whilst *Cauca* is a tributary of the Magdalena. You will perceive from this that I have carefully perused your instructive pages. The description of the great Palm-house at Kew, and especially the paragraphs which immediately succeed that, have pleased me very much indeed. Pray do not omit to mention the surprise travellers experience when beholding for the first time European forms (*Pinus* for instance) growing together with tropical ones (Palms &c.) in the same forest, as is the case at Chilpanzingo, on the western declivity of the Mexican table-land, or in that, on account of its mahogany, frequented Isle of Pines, south of Cuba. Peter Martyr (Angheria) states on the authority of one of Columbus's letters that *Pineta* and *Palmite* grew there together. The Conquistadores noticed a coniferous plant with fruit resembling Olives (*parezen azeitanos del Azarate de Sevilla*), which I take to be a species of the genus *Podocarpus*. As your Work will be much read, you must not forget to dwell upon the opposition of the numerous littoral plants,—the little known small group of mountainous or Alpine plants (*Ceroxylon Andicola*, *Oreodoxa frigida*, and *Kunthia montana*). *Ceroxylon Andicola* I found in the cordillera of the Pass of Quindiu, between Ibagu and Cartago, not lower on the declivity than 7000, not higher than 9700 English feet (you could say between 7900 and 9700 feet), in company of *Podocarpus*-trees and *Quercus Grandensis*. I am, &c.

"ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT."

When Linnæus died there were only fifteen species of palms described. Ruiz and Pavon added eight, while Humboldt and Bonpland described twenty more, without, however, having procured their blossoms in a perfect state. Of late years the labours of Martius, Liebmann, Griffith, D'Orbigny, Blume, Spruce, Wallich, and others, have enlarged the list to about six hundred species, about one half of which have been reduced to cultivation in European gardens. Martius thinks there may be a thousand species altogether, but we believe that this is an over-estimate, and that even of the plants discovered there has been already an over-multiplication of species.

Most of the palms are exclusively tropical plants. They decrease rapidly in numbers on receding from the equator. Few reach into temperate climates, and they are unknown within the arctic and antarctic circles. The true palm climate has a mean annual temperature of 70° to 81° 5' Fahr., but the date palm vegetates in the south of Europe, in districts where the mean temperature is from 59° to 62° 4'. The northern limit is—in Europe, 43°, in Asia and America, 34° north latitude. The southern limit—in Africa, 34°, New Zealand, 38°, and in America, 36° south latitude. To the north of the Tropic of Cancer 43 species are known; to the south of the Tropic of Capricorn only 13. Martius divides the palm region of the earth into five zones, the central one of which, between the 10th of north and south latitude, contains 300 species. Generally the local geographical distribution is limited. Few species possess an extensive range. The cocoa-nut tree (*Cocos nucifera*) is said to be the only one found wild in both hemispheres, and its native country is still doubtful.

The localities of the growth of palm trees are extremely various. Some are found on mountain tops, almost in the range of perpetual snow; others rise from the edge of coral reefs, with their roots beneath the level of tropical seas. Some luxuriate in swamps, or flourish by the banks of perennial streams;



others grow in the midst of arid sand, and amidst pathless deserts. In habit some are solitary, others gregarious. No order of plants, in short, is so varied in circumstances of growth, and so little reducible in this respect to rules and generalizations.

More remarkable still are the palms in their economic uses to man. In some parts of the world the inhabitants would be almost incapable of existing without them. They afford food, clothing, furniture, weapons, and every implement and appliance that raises man above the purest savage state. Here are noted some of the multitudinous uses of the cocoa-nut tree:—

"The heart, or very young leaves, called the cabbage, is an excellent vegetable, either cooked or dressed in stews, hashes, or ragouts. The Cingalese use the dried, old leaves as torches, both for themselves during the dark nights or to carry before the carriages and palanquins of Europeans; they also use the spathe for a similar purpose, as well as for fuel; and at Rotuma and other Polynesian islands it is also adopted for a like purpose. At Tongatabu, one of the Friendly Islands, combs are made of the midrib of the segments, the upper part being beautifully worked with the fibre of the husk, or bulu. 'These combs, from their neat appearance, were,' says Bennett, 'in great requisition during the time I visited that island, and all the women were busily employed during our stay in making them, to exchange with the *papalangi* (foreign) officers and crew for trifling articles. The combs were stained by the bark of the Koka-tree of a dark reddish colour, intended as a rude imitation of tortoiseshell.'

"The washermen of Ceylon burn the foliage for the sake of its alkaline ashes; the midribs of the leaves, when tied together, form brooms for the decks of ships. The Cingalese use the unexpanded leaves in forming ornaments, on the occasion of any festival, decorating arches, etc., in various picturesque forms of crowns, flowers, etc.

"There is one portion of the tree which attracts much the attention of the observer,—it is a kind of network at the base of the petiole, which when very young is delicate, beautifully white, and transparent, but when having attained maturity becomes coarse and tough, and changes to a brown colour. It is stripped off in large pieces, and used in Ceylon as strainers, particularly for the toddy, which is usually full of impurities when first taken from the tree, as its sweetness attracts innumerable insects. At Tahiti it is called *Aa*; and besides being used as sieves for straining arrowroot, cocoa-nut oil, etc., the natives, when engaged in such occupations as digging, fishing, etc., in order to save their bark cloth, join several portions of this network together, and having a hole in the centre, in a manner similar to their mat garment called *Tiabuta*, wear it as an article of apparel, merely for the time in which they may be engaged in those occupations. It is certainly a garment neither to be admired for its flexibility or firmness, but well adapted for fishermen, or those occupied in the water, as it is not easily injured by wet, whereas bark-cloth would be utterly destroyed in the water, its substance resembling paper both in strength and appearance.

"A tree produces several bunches of nuts; and from twelve to twenty large nuts, besides several small unproductive ones, may be seen on each bunch. In good situations the fruit is gathered four or five times in the course of the year. The latter is most used as an article of food, both meat and drink, when green or young (*Oua* of the Tahitians, *Korombo* of the Cingalese); in that state it yields an abundance of a delicious, cooling beverage, to which Madeira wine, brandy, etc., is sometimes added."

Then follows an account of the preparation of 'toddy,' and of many secondary products, including arrack, vinegar, and brown sugar, named jaggery. Every portion of the tree is turned to useful account.

"The rind or husk of the Cocoa-nut is very fibrous, and when ripe is the *Roya* or Coir of commerce, now so extensively used in Europe and North America for matting, brushes, hats, etc. It is prepared by being soaked for some months in water, washed, beaten to pieces, and then laid in the sun to dry. This being effected, it is again well beaten, until the fibres are so separated as to allow of their being worked up like hemp, similar to which it is made up in ropes of any size, from the smallest cord to the largest cable, but will not receive tar; it is rough to handle, and has not so neat an appearance about the rigging of shipping as that made from hemp, but surpasses the latter in lightness and elasticity, and even, it is said, durability; more so if wetted frequently by salt-water. From its elasticity it is valuable for cables, enabling a ship to ride easier than with a hemp or chain cable. Bennett remarks that he was once on board a ship, in a severe gale, when chain and hemp cables gave way; and the vessel at last, most unexpectedly, rode out the gale with a small coir cable. Among the Polynesian Islands, where this tree grows, the coir is used in the manufacture of 'sinnet,' some of which is beautifully braided, and devoted to a variety of purposes. At Tonga, one of the Friendly Islands, the natives dye the 'sinnet,' called *Kafa*, of various colours, using it in tying the rafters of the huts, etc. The rope for their canoes is all manufactured from this substance. The husk from which the fibrous substance has not been separated is used in Ceylon in lieu of scrubbing-brushes for the floor; and also brooms, mats, and bags are manufactured from it.

"Another valuable production of the Cocoa-nut is the oil, which is an article of exportation from Ceylon and other parts of India, Polynesia, etc. It is used in various articles of domestic economy; besides being an excellent burning oil (for which it is much admired, giving out neither smoke nor smell when burning, and having a clear bright flame), it has since had an additional value and more extended use in Europe, by the discovery of its capability of being manufactured into candles, rivaling wax or spermaceti, at the same time without being much higher in price than those of tallow. Soap has also been manufactured from it; and it is lavished by the Asiatics, Polynesians, and other intertropical natives over their persons; and at Tongatabu and others of the Polynesian Islands is used scented with sandal-wood, giving a delightful fragrance to the flowing tresses and elegant persons of the dark beauties of those fascinating islands. In cold weather this oil (like most of the vegetable oils) becomes very hard, and requires to be melted before it can be used for burning.

"The method of making the oil is very simple. The kernel having been removed from the shell is boiled in water for a short period; it is then pounded in a mortar, taken out, and pressed. The milk, as it is called, is then boiled over a slow fire, when the oil floats on the top, and being skimmed off and afterwards boiled by itself, two quarts of oil may be procured from fourteen or fifteen cocoa-nuts. When fresh, the oil is used in cookery, and has an excellent flavour; the Cingalese anoint their bodies with it after bathing, and invariably use it for the sake of giving a glossy and smooth appearance to the hair, for which purpose it is in great requisition by both sexes.

"The remains of the Cocoa-nut, from which the oil has been extracted, is termed by the Cingalese *Poonak*; the best *Poonak* is obtained when the oil is extracted by pressure: it is an excellent food for pigs, poultry, etc. This substance is termed by the Tahitians *Ota*, and by the natives of Tongatabu *Efenia*, and they use it also for fattening their pigs, poultry, etc., as also at the other Polynesian Islands."

Among the wilder tribes of South America, as best described by Mr. Wallace in his travels on the Amazon, the natives are absolutely dependent on the produce of various palms for all the articles in common use. Sometimes most unexpected applications of portions of the trees are noticed, as in Dr.

Seemann's account of what he witnessed once on the banks of the Chagres.

"I well remember when I saw for the first time one of the uses to which this genus is applied. It was on the 22nd of September, 1845. I had been all day ascending the Chagres, one of the rivers of the Isthmus of Panama, in a small canoe roofed over with palm-leaves, and was therefore heartily glad when at dusk our party halted near a sandy spit. My men at once set to work preparing their supper. A fire was kindled, and after a large pot, filled with rice and water, had been placed on it, they brought forward a number of cocoa-nuts and several very peculiar-looking cylinders, which at first sight I mistook for those barrels seen in musical boxes and hurdy-gurdies, being covered with small tubercular prickles, but which to my astonishment were instead of graters for reducing the inside of the cocoa-nuts to a pulpy mass, to be boiled with the rice and water. I afterwards found that these graters were the aerial roots of the *Zanora Palm* of the country (*Triatea exorrhiza*, Mart.), and that they were in common use in the Isthmus; and I now learn from Wallace's work that the same is the case in the Amazon district, countries in which, from the excessively moist climate, tin graters soon get rusty, making these provided by nature very acceptable. Two of these graters I have sent to the Museum of Economic Botany at Kew, where they are exhibited amongst the other productions of Palms."

In civilized countries, far remote from their natural scenes, the produce of the palm contributes to comfort or luxury.

"Take a walk in the streets of London, and observe everywhere how substances originally obtained from Palms, and turned to useful purposes, meet your eye. That ragged boy, sweeping the crossing, and begging you with a faltering voice, real or assumed, to 'remember poor Jack,' holds in his hands a broom, the fibrous substance of which was cut by the wild Indians of Brazil from the stems of a Palm; that gentleman, dressed in the tip-top of fashion, who playfully swings his 'Penang lawyer,' little thinks that, in carrying that walking-cane, he is in fact carrying a young plant of the *Licuala acutifida*; that fine lady's parasol-knob—what is it but a *Coquilla*-nut turned into that shape? Continue your walk, and you will find still more, worthy of notice in a 'Popular History of the Palms.' Those 'chip hats' so extensively worn on fine summer days, what are they made of?—the leaves of a Cuban palm (*Thrinax argentea*). Look at that stand, with heaps of dates upon it, gathered on the borders of the great Desert of Sahara, and eagerly purchased by the people; look at those fine cocoa-nuts, grown on the shores of the Indian Ocean and the Caribbean Sea, and here retailed in penny slices to the humbler inhabitants of the British metropolis. Step into a house, and there too will you observe many products obtained from Palms in the most remote corners of the globe. That thick brownish matting, now so generally used for covering halls, staircases, and offices, is woven from the husk (*mesocarpium*) surrounding the cocoa-nut. Those beautiful pieces of furniture which arrest your attention are made of various kinds of palm wood. That elegant little plaything you see in the hands of yonder child, was skillfully manufactured of the bone-like kernels (*alburnum*) of the Vegetable Ivory Palm. Those fine stearic candles illumining the room—what are they composed of but the fatty substance extracted from the fruit of the Oil Palm and the Cocoa-nut? That sago, which, under various disguises, appears at the dinner-table, it also is the produce, the pith, of Palms flourishing in the islands of the East Indian Archipelago. That arrack, pronounced by connoisseurs to be of excellent quality, it too is extracted from a Palm—the *Cocos*-nut. Be still more inquisitive, and ask of what that tooth-powder, so extensively applied, consists, and you will be told that its chief ingredients are Betel-nuts, previously reduced to charcoal, and dragon's blood—both produced by palms; or examine our toilet soap, and you will find that



the fatty substance, which enters so largely into the composition of it, has been derived from Palms. Everywhere you will meet numerous products of Palms, either in a raw state, or turned by the ingenuity of man to some useful purpose; and this too at a place thousands of miles from those regions which Palms principally acknowledge as their native country."

Formerly, there were few opportunities in this country for palms being seen growing in their natural condition. Stunted specimens of *Cycas* or *Phoenix* occasionally were seen, but a live palm tree was a rare and romantic spectacle to the million. Now there may be seen, at Kew and elsewhere, specimens of palms almost in their native magnificence and beauty. The Kew palm-house, with the description of which Humboldt expresses himself so much pleased, is familiar to most of our readers.

"On entering this magnificent building, the visitor suddenly finds himself in the midst of a tropical vegetation. Broad-leaved Plantains, Bananas, *Streitzias* and *Uranias*, Feathery Bamboos, Tree-ferns and Tamarind-trees, Spiny Screw-pines and Cactuses, are mingled with numerous Palms of all dimensions and sizes; the whole being gracefully interwoven and surrounded by creeping and winding plants,—Passion-flowers, *Bauhinias*, *Jessamines*, *Aristolochias*, and others,—and agreeably relieved by the vivid green of densely crowded *Lycopodiums*, covering like turf the ground between them. The two loftiest Palms arresting the attention are species of *Coccoloba* (*Coccoloba plumosa* and *C. coronata*), both good examples of the extensive group bearing pinnatifid leaves; the two stoutest, a species of *Sabal* (*S. umbraculifera*), equally good examples of another less numerous group, distinguished by its fan-shaped leaves. There are besides in this collection:—the Date Palm (*Phoenix dactylifera*), producing the dates of commerce and of Scripture; the Palmyra Palm (*Borassus flabelliformis*), one of the most difficult of Palms to rear; the African Oil-palm (*Elaeis Guineensis*), which yields Palm-oil; the Cocoa-nut (*Cocos nucifera*), the uses of which are said to be more numerous than the days of the year; the American Cabbage Palm (*Oreodora oleracea*), the young leaves of which are an excellent esculent vegetable; the Betel-nut tree (*Areca catechu*); the Wild Date of India (*Phoenix sylvestris*), supplying Palm-wine and sugar; the Ivory-plant (*Phytelephas macrocarpa*), the seeds of which resemble animal ivory in appearance; the Wax Palm of the Andes (*Ceroxylon andicola*), of which the full-grown stem is covered with a waxy substance; and lastly the Broom Palm (*Attalea funifera*), the coarse fibre of which is used for making brooms and brushes.

"If the visitor will take up his position in the gallery, and cast his eye upon the thick foliage filling the vast area of the building, his thoughts cannot help wandering to those far-off regions whence the beautiful objects before him have with so much difficulty and care been imported. If he know anything of the history of botany, the names of Humboldt, Wallich, Bonpland, J. D. Hooker, Purdie, Wilson, Griffith, Linden, Hartweg, and others, who, disregarding dangers and mental and bodily exertions, explored trackless forests, climbed steep mountains, traversed pestilential swamps—the abode of myriads of mosquitos,—and crossed dreary deserts and monotonous steppes, will flash before his memory as having been instrumental in bringing together this magnificent collection,—magnificent from its numerical size, its excellent condition, and its noble associations."

Dr. Seemann's book is illustrated with twenty coloured lithograph plates, comprising figures of about twenty-five species of different genera. Of each genus a general description is given, with detailed notices of the most remarkable or important species. The illustrations are adopted chiefly from the great work of Martius.

## PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

*Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy for the year 1855-56.* Dublin: Printed for the Academy.  
*The Influence of Christianity on Civilization.* By Thomas Craddock. Longman and Co.  
*A Class-Atlas of Physical Geography: comprising 20 Maps, and 10 Sections and Diagrams.* By Walter McLeod, F.R.G.S. Longman and Co.  
*Outlines of European Literature, from the Earliest Times: a Class-book for Schools.* By F. Thorpe. Groombridge and Sons.  
*Old Memories: a Novel.* By Julia Melville. In 3 vols. Newby.  
*Vernon: a Tale of the Sea.* By Henry Bate, M.R.C.S., &c. Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co.  
*Troubled Dreams: being Original Poems.* By John Hantleigh. Saunders and Otley.  
*Christ our Life; or, Expository Discourses on the Gospel by John.* By Alexander Beith, D.D. Nisbet and Co.

PART III. of Volume VI. of the Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy for 1855-56, contains a variety of valuable papers on subjects of archaeology, philology, history, and science; and the address of the President of the year, the Rev. James Henthorn Todd, D.D. The announcement of the increase of the parliamentary grant to the Academy from 300l. to 500l. is a gratifying point in the report of the year. How well bestowed would be a sum of larger amount the labours of the Academy, as recorded in their Transactions, attest. Some of their researches relate to subjects not merely of literary and antiquarian curiosity, but capable of being turned to useful account for the social and economical benefit of the country. The paper, for instance, by Mr. Wilde, on the 'Use of the Potato in Ireland,' touches important public questions. It is worth while investigating further the food and commissariat of the island in early times; a return to the comparative prosperity of which appears to have commenced. A paper by the Rev. Dr. Nolan, on the 'History of Bissextile Intercalation, and the Year of the Ancients,' a paper by Dr. Todd, on the 'Name of St. Patrick,' as illustrating some points in the Irish tongue; and other learned communications in different departments, enrich this volume. Appended is a list of the books of Thomas Moore, lately presented by his widow to the Academy.

In an essay on the Influence of Christianity on Civilization, Mr. Craddock traces some of the results of the diffusion of the new religion in the Roman empire. The period comprised in the historical review is from the fifth to the end of the thirteenth century. This the author takes as the first of four epochs into which he would divide the subject. The second period extends from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century, when that independence of thought was gathering strength which culminated in the Reformation. The third period is that of the Lutheran revolt against Rome, down to the peace of Westphalia in 1648, a space of a hundred and thirty years. The last period comprises the two hundred years that have elapsed since the peace of Westphalia. The plan of the author is to trace, during each of these epochs, the influence of Christianity on civil affairs, whether social or political, domestic or public. It is by taking a view of the Roman world at two widely divided dates that the contrast is brought out. Mr. Craddock commences with a sketch of Roman civilization in the early days of the Empire, and of its condition after many centuries of the new influence being at work. Some remarkable facts and illustrations are selected from history, both as to the results of the introduction of Christianity, and the mode of its operation. Its influence on slavery, piracy, and robbery, inequality of law, usages of wars, and other social and public affairs, are discussed and elucidated. One defect in the Essay is the want of clearness in the idea of Christianity as expressed in the title. Some of the results are to be ascribed to the influence of spiritual religion, to Christianity as opposed to Paganism, Judaism, and external religions of all sorts. But others of the changes were the result of Christianity when used as the name for the ecclesiastical and political organization of the Church of Rome. This defect we note in the treatment of some of the interesting

problems discussed and illustrated in Mr. Craddock's historical essay.

The class-book of Physical Geography, by Mr. McLeod, author of many useful educational manuals, deserves to be widely introduced in schools. Some knowledge of the elements of physical science is now deemed essential in all liberal training, and the department of which this class-book treats is one of the most important and interesting, besides its immediate bearing upon the ordinary studies of geography. The manual comprises twenty maps, and ten sections and diagrams, with explanatory notes, illustrating the geological structure of the globe; the distribution of sea and land; the conformation of special portions of the earth; the heights of mountains; the temperature of the atmosphere and its currents; the tides and currents of the ocean; the geographical distribution of vegetable and animal life; ethnological tables; and a variety of other subjects usually included under the general title of physical geography.

The Outlines of European Literature from the Earliest Times, present a summary view of the subject, adapted for educational use. In a book of a hundred pages we cannot expect to find more than literally 'outlines' to be filled up by the teacher's instruction and by the pupil's future study. Mr. Thorpe first gives a view of the literature of antiquity and of the middle ages, and then of modern times. Under each head appear general remarks on the literature of the time or of the country under review, with brief notices of the leading authors and their works. From Hallam, and Schlegel, and other authorities, Mr. Thorpe has drawn good materials for this part of his work. No elementary manual embracing the same range of subjects is at present in use, and these outlines may form a convenient text-book for tuition. The information is generally accurate and the remarks judicious. Questions at the close of each chapter direct the attention of the pupil to the points most worthy of being committed to memory.

The title of the novel of by Julia Melville, we may pass without quarrel, though the precedent of Mr. Stowe's 'Sunny Memories' does not make it good English. Very pleasant are many of the sketches of old times and old stories, pertaining to a circle of English domestic life, as recalled by the aged lady who is supposed to be the narrator of the tale.

Vernon, a metrical tale of the sea, contains a variety of stirring incidents, and in honest prose might have been pronounced a good novel. But a rhyming narrative of five or six thousand lines would require a Virgilian power to keep it up to the poetical mark. There are, however, some good passages; and where the poetry is weak, the interest of the story will carry on the patient reader.

## New Editions.

*The Science of the Moral Nature.* By George Giles Vincent. Revised Edition. W. Tweedie.  
*Theory of Parallels. The Proof that the three Angles of a Triangle are equal to two Right Angles looked for in the Inflation of the Circle.* By the Author of 'Geometry without Axioms.' Third Edition. Effingham Wilson.  
*The Hills of the Shattenucc.* By Miss Warner. Routledge and Co.  
*La Bagatelle: intended to introduce Children of Five or Six Years old to some Knowledge of the French Language.* Revised by Madame N. L. Simpkin and Co.

MR. VINCENT'S treatise on the Science of the Moral Nature is as dry and dreary a book as could well be imagined. Its object is—1, to establish the fact of man having a moral nature, his guide in life and the ground of his responsibility; 2, to show that the systematic study of this moral nature is advisable; and 3, to advocate religious toleration on the ground that there is no fixed rule of faith except the light of human nature, which is acted on variously by different minds. These errors and paradoxes have been often discussed by Deistical writers with a felicity of style that rendered them dangerous, but the ponderous rhetoric of Mr. Vincent will not work much mischief, even if it finds patient readers. The substance of his treatise appears in the following characteristic sentences, referring severally to the three points above indicated:—"1. As reasonable beings, we of necessity are to be directed by the powers

given to us, namely, as reasonable beings, by our reason; and as far as that which appears reasonable to us, in relation to our ideas and the powers of conception in our minds, can and does raise us to the knowledge of a Supreme Being, a Creator, and God, meaning the same as the Supreme and Creator, as reasonable beings, we can and are to adopt that, and give our credence and belief to that, which appears reasonable, as well as and as far as we are competent to decide; and which powers within us of our reason do raise to us a knowledge that God exists in cause and power, for the creation of that witnessed to us throughout all nature. 2. The subject is so far apparently left to human beings to decide on the extent and power of the means possessed by them as such beings; and in the science of the moral nature we are stating that only we can learn, and attain some knowledge of, and rendering that knowledge, as far as and as well as we can available for the instruction of those who may not have studied it, and of those rising into the light of knowledge, or growing up into life, for their better guidance than left without the aid of science, and the record of previous knowledge obtained, who otherwise must inquire, and study, and examine without assistance or the guide, which it is the object and purpose of science to afford them. 3. I hope, therefore, in what I have done of showing that the law of nature can be no other than the law of God, and that the law of human nature can be no other than the law God has given to man, and that this law studied is a direction to man to what is morally right, that all men will see this truth, and as reasonable beings mankind will be led universally to regard it, and in doing so, to assuage and to neutralize the rancour and hostility of men towards one another, on account of the difference of their faiths in religion; and that mankind will cease their strifes and antagonism, their rancour and hostility on that account; and that humanity, as in consonance with the law of God in human nature, will be more and more adopted, and regarded by men, and universally spread over the earth among all nations and people; that the rancour and hostility of men towards each other on account of faith and religion will be assuaged and neutralized, and that men will cease to hate and persecute one another on account of God and religion, through the errors and ignorance of men, and which is directly opposed to the law of the moral nature and of God."

The little primer entitled *La Bagatelle* is constructed on the principle of learning made pleasant, children being coaxed to the study of French by the lessons being conveyed in the form of short dialogues and stories, with illustrative woodcuts.

#### Miscellaneous, Pamphlets, &c.

*The Lord's Anointed: a Coronation Sermon, preached in the British Chapel at Moscow on the Sunday before the Enthronement of Alexander II.* By the Rev. M. Margoliouth, M.A. Booth.

*The Life-Boat; or, Journal of the National Life-Boat Institution.* Part IV. Charles Knight.

*Leonard, the Lion-Heart.* By the Author of 'The Heir of Redclyffe.' J. and C. Mozley.

The Coronation Sermon, preached in the British Chapel at Moscow by the Rev. M. Margoliouth, M.A., may claim attention as a historical document as well as a pulpit discourse. It seems that the author was a guest of the British chaplain at the time, and being invited to preach on the Sunday before the coronation of Alexander II., delivered a sermon appropriate to the occasion from the text in 2 Kings xi. 12, about the crowning of King Joash,—"And he brought forth the king's son and put the crown upon him, and gave him the testimony; and they made him king, and anointed him; and they clapped their hands, and said, God weave the king!" In the treatment of the subject the preacher displays a bewonderment of spirit and an inflation of style for which some allowance may be made. "The noble Romanoff dynasty," "the late magnanimous Czar," "the benign sway of Alexander II., the Lord's anointed," the solemnity of the ceremonies, rites, ordinances, and sacraments of the Church Catholic, including Coro-

nation—these themes, however adapted to the latitude of Moscow, have somewhat of a sycophantic air in a sermon published in England. But, as we have already said, allowance must be made for the position of the preacher, and still more for his natural turn of mind. Mr. Margoliouth is, we believe, of the Hebrew nation, and though now a respected Christian minister, seems to retain some of the ideas and mental habits of his own people with regard to external ceremonies and spectacles. It is only right to add that this Sermon is published for the benefit of the British chapel and schools in Moscow. The author adds in a prefatory note that he is on his way to Odessa, the Crimea, Constantinople, and other places, gathering materials for works which he proposes to publish on his return, in which he promises to give an account of the British Chapel at Moscow, and other establishments in which Englishmen ought to take interest.

Part IV. of the *Life Boat Journal* (comprising numbers 19-22) contains the Annual Report of the National Life Boat Institution, with a variety of other documents and papers relative to the rescuing of life from shipwrecks. From the Report it appears that 1141 wrecks are recorded on the coasts of the United Kingdom during 1855, about one-half of the number being on the east coast of Great Britain. The loss of life during the year was comparatively small, 469, or less than a third of the loss of the preceding year, and less than during any previous year on record. The improvement it is thought may be partly due to the provisions of the Merchant Shipping Act of 1854, but the annual losses vary to such an extent that it is premature to speak decidedly as to the cause of the diminution during 1855. The number of lives saved from wrecked vessels amounted to 1383, a good proportion of them by the life boats belonging to this Institution. The Report gives a list of the cases of rescue, and of the rewards and medals bestowed. An appeal for funds for increased means of carrying out the objects of the Institution will scarcely fail to be responded to by any who read the details presented in the Journal. The present number contains notices of various improvements in the construction of life boats, including those of corrugated iron, invented by Mr. Joseph Francis, an American, which have been warmly recommended by Major Eyre for adoption for military purposes. Other useful inventions are described in the Journal.

The story of Leonard, the Lion-Heart, forms one of a series of practical tales on juvenile character, by the author of 'The Heir of Redclyffe.' In a former tale was illustrated the advantage of honest truth-telling and of frankness of disposition. In the story of Leonard is pointed out the difference between blustering assurance and solid courage. The other characters introduced serve, by their lights and shade, to bring out well that of Leonard Dacre Allen, and help to point the lesson of the tale. In style these books are simple and homely, and if they have little of the literary charm of the old moral tales by Miss Edgeworth and writers of that school, they may be commended as equally practical and useful.

#### List of New Books.

Alexander's (Rev. W.) Memoir, by his Son, 12mo, cloth, 4s. 6d.  
Astrology as it is, post 8vo, cloth, 6s. 6d.  
Aytoun's (W. E.) Life, &c., of Richard I., 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.  
Bards (The) of Eborac, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.  
Bards (J. E.) Letters on Religious Knowledge, 2 vols. post 8vo, 15s.  
Bickersteth's Companion to Communion, 32mo, cl., 1s. 6d.; roan, 2s.  
Bird's (R. M.) Nick of the Woods, new edition, 12mo, boards, 1s. 6d.  
Brewer's Guide to Scripture History, Part I., Old Testament, 3s. 6d.  
Buckman's Stone Steps, 2nd edition, post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.  
Carylton's (C.) Early Years, 3 vols. post 8vo, cl., 18s.; Vol. III., 6s.  
Father Darcy: Parlor Library, 12mo, boards, 2s.; cloth, 2s. 6d.  
Gallman's New Paris Guide, 1856, 12mo, bd., 7s. 6d.; plates, 16s. 6d.  
Greiser's (J.) Young Ladies' Arithmetic, new ed., royal 8mo, cl., 2s.  
Hamilton's (J.) Thoughts on Truth and Error, crown 8vo, cl., 10s. 6d.  
Hampton's (R. D.) Moral Philosophy, 2nd edition, 8vo, cloth, 8s.  
Hills of the Shetland, 12mo, bds. 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.  
Johnson's Dictionary, with Grammar, post 8vo, cloth, 5s.  
Macan's Field Fortification, 4th edition, 12s.  
Mann's (R. G.) The Heavens: a Guide to Astronomical Science, 3s. 6d.  
Metrical Collects from the Book of Common Prayer, 8vo, cl., 2s. 6d.  
Petty on the World, by H. Owen, 3 vols. post 8vo, cloth, £1 11s. 6d.  
Paley's Evidences, with Grammar, post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.  
Paley's (J.) Religious Experience, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.  
Protestant (The) Bray's Novels, Vol. III., 12mo, boards, 1s. 6d.  
Reade's (C.) It is Never too Late to Mend, 3 vols. post 8vo, £1 11s. 6d.  
Robinson's (M.) Autobiography, by J. E. B. Mayor, 8vo, cl., 6s. 6d.  
Russell's (W. H.) The War, post 8vo, cloth, Vol. II., 6s.  
Shelford's Real Property Statutes, 9th edition, 8vo, cloth, £1 5s.

Sinclair's (C.) Charlie Seymour, 4th edition, 18mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.  
Stier's (R.) Words of Jesus, Vols. IV. & V., 8vo, cloth, 2s. 1s.  
Vaughan's (D. J.) Sermons preached in Leicester, crown 8vo, 6s. 6d.  
Warren's Blackstone, post 8vo, cloth, 2nd edition, 18s.

#### ARTICLES AND COMMUNICATIONS.

##### THE DRAMA versus UPHOLSTERY.

###### I.

It is not our intention at present to discuss the variety of topics suggested by the somewhat *bizarre*, but, we hope, significant title we have placed at the head of this article. There are, however, two or three salient points, arising out of certain relations existing just now between the drama and the upholsterers, which press for immediate exposition; and to these we will strictly confine ourselves, till a more favourable opportunity occurs for entering at large upon the general condition of the English stage, including, in addition to the *Deus ex machina*, the subordinate agencies of players and makers of plays. The moment when two of the metropolitan theatres have thrown open their doors for the season seems a fit and proper occasion for drawing attention to certain circumstances which are very likely to affect the prospects of what may be called histrionic literature and dramatic upholstery.

No offence in the term upholstery. We use it for want of a better. We thought of the carpenter and the tailor, the scene-painter and the encyclopaedia property-man—but none of them seemed so comprehensive as the upholsterer, inadequately as he represents the pantheon of arts embraced in such an establishment, for instance, as the Princess's. One of the great wants of our time is to find descriptive definitions that shall be at once accurate and complete. There is hardly a science extant which does not flourish under a misnomer. Upholstery, therefore, in this instance, must be understood to mean a great deal more than the hanging of tapestries and stuffing of cushions; just as hydrography, in which water is merely an auxiliary, really means air, exercise, and diet.

The first thing that strikes the spectators—"twould be the grossest flattery," as Duke Aranza says, to call them audience—collected at the exhibition of *The Winter's Tale* or *Pizarro*, is the palpable fact that the scenery and wardrobe constitute the grand objects of attraction. We suppose that fact may be taken for granted. Even Mr. Charles Kean himself will not venture to deny that it is the spectacle and not the play, or the acting of the play, that fills his treasury. We can no longer say, then, with *Hamlet*,—"the play—the play's the thing." It is not the thing at the Princess's. This is the whole point at issue between upholstery and the drama. It is for the public to decide.

We assume at once that the people who nightly crowd the theatre go to see the show. There can be no kind of reasonable excuse for raising an argument against that assumption. It must be conceded as the first condition of the crowd itself. When Mr. Sylvester Daggwood proposes a new stage-effect, by displaying the moon behind a cloud, the experienced artists to whom he confides the design pronounce it to be an impossibility. We should be met by a similar answer if we were to assert that the crowds at the Princess's go to hear Mr. Charles Kean declaim the tawdry sentiments of *Rolla*, or to see in Mrs. Charles Kean a rejuvenescent *Hermione*. In this age of the world such a consummation, however devoutly it may be wished by the lady and gentleman principally concerned, is a sheer impossibility, about which there can be no dispute. Besides, if it be not the show that draws the multitude, Mr. Kean has laid out a great deal of money to no purpose—a mistake he is not generally in the habit of committing, and the very last which a person of his sagacity would be willing to acknowledge.

Of the show itself we have nothing to say that is not highly laudatory. Its antiquarian accuracy, we have no doubt, is above impeachment. We do not profess to have penetrated the details which, we frankly admit, overwhelmed us from the very



beginning; but we hope we are capable of admiring the patient industry, recondite learning, and universal genius of the management, to whose activity we are indebted for these wonderful spectacles. We can understand what Mr. Kean must have gone through in the production of such pieces—the miles of archaeological treatises he must have traversed; the tons of dust he must have disturbed, and partially swallowed; the infinite quantity of relics he must have minutely examined; the collections of bows and arrows, and buttons and shoe-buckles, and what-nots innumerable he must have explored; the boundless variety of patterns he must have drawn, or caused to be drawn, of strange cloaks and jerkins, caps, helmets, breeks, shoulder-knots, and the like; and the infinite number of yards of tape and tinsel, riband, broadcloth, silk, satin, and linsey-woolsey he must have ordered, as the revival of extinct races and mythological dynasties grew up into shape and coherence under his creative hands.

By the help of the play-bill, and other sources of information supplied by Mr. Kean, we are enabled in some degree to estimate the results of all this multifarious labour; nor have we the least hesitation in expressing our profound sense of their very remarkable merits. The show at the Princess's is, indeed, a marvellous show.

But Mr. Kean does himself injustice, to say nothing of the injustice he does to another celebrity, whom he evidently considers of inferior importance—William Shakespeare—by presenting these elaborate productions on the stage in connexion with the action of a play. It is clearly beyond the reach of ordinary faculties to take in both at the same time. While the eye is engaged upon a distant landscape of peculiar excellence, flooded over, perhaps, with a gorgeous sunset to render it all the more absorbing, which landscape the said eye, aching with the splendours of the scene, is required instantaneously to unite with hosts of men, women, and children, in unknown costumes, carrying on some energetic movement in front, the ear is solicited to attend to a dialogue going forward between certain characters who are supposed to inhabit this highly picturesque region, and to be connected, for good or evil, with the unknown hosts; and, as rapidly as these impressions are received, the mind is expected simultaneously to combine them into a whole, which shall shadow forth Shakespeare, Kean, Hoggins, and their assistants, uniting in a compound appeal to reason and the imagination. The quantity of work, to be performed all at once, which is here set before the limited senses, and the slow powers of combination of the human mind, is considerably more than any person whose faculties have grown up in the natural way could possibly accomplish. Both drama and upholstery must suffer; and, although the former is the chief sufferer, we would prefer putting the case to Mr. Kean with reference to the latter, because it strikes more "home to his bosom and his business." Instead of dialogues and motions distracting eyes, ears, and understanding, a solemn silence should reign throughout the house when the curtain rises. We plead, not for the play, but for the picture and the wardrobe. The pains bestowed upon the equipments of the actors, from their headgear to their boots and sandals, demand time and consideration for study and enjoyment. Remember, this is a great historical museum you are in, furnished from the archives of remote times, and that there is authority for every stitch, loop, and braid of these curious dresses. Read your play-bill, which here discharges a similar duty to one of Mr. Phillips' catalogues at the Crystal Palace—read, learn, and digest all about the researches Mr. Kean has made into the ages of the Ptolemies, Plutarchs, and Nicodemuses, and the astounding number of histories and philosophical tracts he has ransacked, from the creation of the world down to Layard and George Godwin. It is unnecessary to insist on the difficulty which the spectator experiences in the attempt to do justice to this vast extent of erudition under the obstructive circumstances presented by a band of music playing up marches and hymns at intervals, and crowds of people talking at the tops of their voices. Only

imagine such hindrances in any other museum dedicated to the study of early art, and the reproduction of the life and customs of antiquity. The stillness of a sepulchre presides over those solemn institutions; and Mr. Kean wrongs his own fame by not excluding from his exhibition every element calculated to interfere with its legitimate effect.

This is the upholstery side of the question. Upholstery, undoubtedly, suffers from not being left to itself, for the public to come in and admire at leisure the skill lavished upon its production. But, as we have already said, the drama suffers more. It is not merely obscured and hurried, like its gorgeous helpmate; it is extinguished altogether. To say that Mr. Kean's "revivals" of Shakespeare resemble an illustrated edition of the plays, as some of the newspaper critics have pleasantly suggested, is really a sly sarcasm in disguise; and we strongly suspect, from this and many other examples, that his flatterers at the press are a set of malignant wags, who relieve their consciences by an occasional "aside" to the public, to point the cruel joke which everybody can understand except Mr. Kean himself. When an illustrated edition places the illustrator above the poet, we know how to value its pretensions. Mr. Kean's edition of Shakespeare—a work, by the way, which was actually advertised somewhere near Clerkenwell a few years ago, but which, we presume, has been reserved to be brought out in Oxford-street—is exactly that class. Shakespeare is certainly the *fond*; but it is in the same sense as the stone is the *fond* of the Irishman's soup. Mr. Kean is the collection of miscellaneous fragments of old bones and stray vegetables, from which the delectable preparation derives its strength and flavour.

We have seen most of Shakespeare's plays ill-played and worse "mounted," but we never saw them under such a discouraging aspect as that in which they have appeared in the Princess's Theatre. This is not a matter that admits of controversy. If there be any persons who entertain a different opinion, their judgment is formed upon grounds which preclude argument. They "go in" for the cuts, and don't care about the letter-press. But we do not believe, and it would be utterly inconsistent with all previous experience of theatrical representations to suppose, that there is a single person in the community capable of distinguishing between the true and the artificial, who does not regard the exhibition at the Princess's as a debasement of the national drama, and a discredit to the temporary (for it can be but temporary) taste of the town.

It cannot be otherwise. Shakespeare is here treated as people suffering under hydrophobia were formerly treated: he is smothered by the upholsterer. To follow the progress of the dialogue is a matter entirely out of the question. It may be passion; it may be mirth; but whatever it is, your attention is too much distracted by the surrounding blaze of lights and colours, and the infinite varieties of objects scattered about the scene, to take any interest in the dull business going forward at the foot-lights. The play is completely secondary to the decorations and embellishments, and may be compared to that mysterious personage popularly known as "Jack in the Green," who is so totally buried in characteristic foliage, that the Green is everything and Jack himself nobody. Shakespeare, in fact, is merely the droll outside the booth, employed to attract customers to the entertainment within. His wit, pathos, and poetry are only used as excuses for showing off what are called "the resources of the establishment." It would be a piece of transparent irony to assume for Mr. Kean that he gets up these costly spectacles out of any homage, however ignorant or misplaced, for the genius of our great poet. He has himself set that question at rest by bestowing similar glories upon Sheridan's version of Kotzebue's *Pizarro*. The epicure who stews ortolans and pigs'-feet in the same sauce may be allowed to have a remarkably miscellaneous palate, but cannot be complimented on his critical taste.

Here we must break off for the present. Our next object will be to show how this ascendancy of

decorators and costumiers is likely to affect the drama as a living branch of literature, the stage as a school of acting, and the press as an organ of sound and independent criticism.

#### THE LATE PROFESSOR BOJER.

(From the *Gardeners' Chronicle*.)

THE last overland mail from Mauritius brought the intelligence of the death of Professor Wenceslaus Bojer, a name so well known for many years past to the botanists of Europe on account of the many and beautiful specimens which he was the first to introduce to their notice. The pages of the botanical journals both of England, France, and Germany, attest the variety of his researches, and the value of his labours in countries which he was the first to visit and explore for the purposes of science.

M. Bojer was born at Prague, in Bohemia, on the 1st of January, 1800. Noticed by the late Emperor of Austria, he was selected by that monarch, at his own expense, to accompany the naturalist Hilsenberg to explore the island of Madagascar and the eastern shores of Africa; and the rich herbarium which he sent to the Museum of Vienna, and for which he received a pension from the Emperor and the decoration of the Order of Merit, show with what assiduity and talent he had laboured to fulfil the intentions of those who had selected him for so arduous a mission. In the year 1820 M. Bojer visited Mauritius, and after remaining there some time in order to arrange the best collection of new species which his travels in Madagascar had afforded him, he was persuaded by Sir Charles Colville, the governor of Mauritius at the period, to undertake a second voyage to Madagascar. This he did, and after carefully exploring the western shores of this vast island, he crossed over to the continent of Africa and visited Pemba, Monbaza, and Zanzibar, and thence he sailed to the Comoro islands and Agalega. During his six years' absence from Mauritius, his time was principally spent in Madagascar, where he became intimate with King Radama, and this circumstance tended greatly to facilitate his scientific explorations. In 1837 M. Bojer published the '*Hortus Mauritianus*,' a work well known to botanists as an accurate account of the indigenous and exotic species in the island, and a careful *résumé* of the numerous botanical descriptions scattered through various volumes and memoirs. Professor Bojer intended to publish a supplement to the '*Hortus*,' in which he would have given a detailed account of his own discoveries, together with an extensive list of the Agamous plants of the island; but though this work partly exists in manuscript, from the little encouragement given to purely scientific botany, or science of any kind by the Government, it was never published. M. Bojer introduced some beautiful and new species into Mauritius. One space, however, precludes us from mentioning more than a few; for instance, the splendid tree *Poinciana Regia*, the *Stachydrum pterosperrum*, the *Colvillea racemosa*; the *Agathophyllum amaticum*, so esteemed for the delicious liqueur made from its fruit, and known as the *Crème de Ravensara*, the Malgache name of the tree; the *Guilandina Bonduc*, and various kinds of creepers; *Achyranthes aspera*, from the Comoro Islands; *Plumbago juncea*, from Madagascar; *Scaevola Koenigi*; a new species of *Vangueria*, *V. edulis*; and a great variety of useful and beautiful plants. M. Bojer was later engaged on an illustrated monograph of the genus *Mangifera*, to be published with about eighty varieties of that fine fruit, the plates to which would be coloured and life size. His friends in Mauritius have some idea of bringing out this work by subscription, as a testimony of their esteem for the author, and as an appreciation of all he had done to serve the colony.

M. Bojer was an excellent geologist, chemist, and entomologist, as well as a celebrated botanist; and in the year 1830, together with M. Louis Bouton, Charles Telfair, and M. Jules Desjardins, established the first scientific institution in the colony—the Society of Natural History—now known by the title of the Royal Society of Arts

and Sciences, Mauritius. After the death of M. Jules Desjardins, his widow presented his fine collection of natural history to the Government, which formed the nucleus of the museum of Port Louis, and M. Bojer was appointed curator at a very trifling salary. About a year ago Government determined to establish a chair of Natural Philosophy at the Royal College, and M. Bojer was chosen as Professor. In this new situation, in which his salary was quite inadequate to his merits, he laboured with zeal and success to instil into the minds of the Creole youth of the colony those sound principles of agricultural chemistry and botanical knowledge so important to an island, the commercial prosperity of which depends upon the careful cultivation of the Sugar-cane.

About a year ago an insect of the 'borer' species made its appearance in the Sugar-cane, and threatened, at one time, to spread its ravages through the whole colony. A commission of inquiry was formed, and M. Bojer was appointed its president by the governor. He laboured assiduously for several weeks in the cane-fields, carefully studying the habits and metamorphoses of the insect, and in December last he published his elaborate and excellent 'Memoir on the Borer,' accompanied with a series of carefully-drawn plates, determining this insect as a new species of Lepidoptera, and naming it 'Proceras sacchariphagus.' M. Bojer was seized at the beginning of June last by an attack of slow paralysis, and expired on the fourth of the same month, in the 56th year of his age. He was a member of many learned societies, and was highly esteemed in private life. His friend, M. Bouton, the secretary of the Royal Society, pronounced the acclamatory oration at his grave. It is supposed that this gentleman will be at once appointed by the Colonial Government to take both the situations now vacant by the death of M. Bojer. His services to the society and to the colony at large during a period of nearly thirty years, his own talent as a botanist and man of science, and his acquaintance with the scientific men of Europe, point him out as the proper successor. The writer of this brief sketch to the memory of his departed friend, and who well knows the scientific position of the colony, feels assured that a more satisfactory appointment in every point of view could not be made. M.

#### GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

THE expedition, initiated by the Viceroy of Egypt, to discover the sources of the Nile, briefly announced in our last, has started. The Count d'Escayrac de l'Auture, to whom the command has been intrusted, after having obtained, on the 20th of last July, the viceroy's approbation of the plan, came to Europe to procure the necessary adjuncts for the execution of his enterprise. Authorized to select twelve assistants, he sought in Austria officers of topographical celebrity; in Prussia, a well-informed engineer; in France, naturalists; in England, nautical assistance; and America has furnished him with an excellent photographer, so necessary on such an exploration. He has selected in London, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna the necessary instruments for observations of the greatest variety, and nothing has been neglected that could by any possibility interest the scientific world. Magnetic observations will not be neglected; geography will rest on astronomical observations; ethnography, so full of interest in that part of the world, will be the object of the constant attention and particular efforts of men whose knowledge has been already proved; while photography will lend its most valuable assistance in bringing before the eyes of Europe all the expedition has encountered that is interesting and remarkable. This expedition, which has for its aim the discovery of portions of Africa where the foot of the white man has never trod, promises to make us better acquainted with these unknown countries than we are even with some parts of Europe. The expenses of the expedition will be considerable, as the viceroy has provided it with everything

that can forward its success, and a sufficient escort will protect these missionaries of civilization during their perilous expedition. Numerous boats with steamers will transport them up the Nile as far as the last point where the river is navigable. The expedition has everything in its favour, in the great experience of its commander, and the generous ardour of those who take part in it. The Count d'Escayrac does not deceive himself as to the difficulties which attend him, but whatever obstacles he may encounter he is prepared to meet, and, if possible, to conquer. The Count started on the 3rd instant for Trieste, and was to leave that place on the 18th. His companions were to join him, next week, at Cairo, and the expedition will then begin to ascend the Nile. Its return may be expected in about two years. The absence of twelve learned Europeans in this unknown part of the world, cannot fail to be regarded with interest, and we look with hope and sympathy to the result of their perilous adventure. We give the names of those engaged in the expedition:—Le Comte d'Escayrac de l'Auture, commander of the expedition; M. Aubaret, a lieutenant in the French navy, and a chevalier of the Legion of Honour; M. Mayer, mining engineer, of Brandenburg, Prussia; M. Richard, doctor of medicine and surgery in Paris; M. Boleslawsky, lieutenant, first Pionniers of Metrovitz, near Pervardein, an *attaché* to the Imperial and Royal Institute of Military Geography; M. Della Sala, Count Kinsky, of Milan, lieutenant in the 47th Infantry, an *attaché* to the Imperial and Royal Institute of Military Geography; M. Geng, assistant-topographer of Vienna, an *attaché* to the Imperial and Royal Institute of Military Geography; M. Pouchet, licencié-ès-sciences of Rouen, France; Mr. Anthony W. Twyford, of London, late an officer in the British Transport Service; M. de Bar, draughtsman, of Montreuil sur Mer, France; M. Clague, of New Orleans, photographer; M. Tabonelle, of Elbeuf, France, and M. Bonnefoy, also of France.—We may add that as Captain Richard Burton, so celebrated for his daring visit to Mecca and Medina, and his penetration to the city of Harar in Abyssinia, is about to start under the direction of the Royal Geographical Society of London, for East Africa, for the purpose of penetrating to Lake Uniamesi, and if possible to the sources of the Nile, it is greatly to be hoped that the Foreign Office may direct Dr. Vogel to turn his steps south-eastward from Lake Chad, with the same object in view.

We have received intimation of the death, on the 20th instant, of Samuel Brown, M.D., at Morningside, near Edinburgh. For some years he had been hindered by shattered health from following up a scientific career, the commencement of which was full of bright promise. At the University of Edinburgh, Dr. Brown distinguished himself by his zealous study of physical science in various departments, and in chemistry his experiments and researches attracted no little attention. The apparent success of some elaborate processes for transmuting metals led for a time to the belief that the dreams of alchemy were to be realized. The experiments did not ultimately satisfy sanguine hopes, but they established some important results as to the laws of chemical combination, and suggested ingenious speculations about the forms and mutations of material molecules. Dr. Brown's views on these subjects, as propounded and illustrated in lectures, commanded the admiration of scientific men before whom they were delivered. They gained for him also the friendship of Jeffrey, Chalmers, and other great men, who could appreciate philosophical genius and eloquence. When the chair of chemistry was vacant on the death of Dr. Hope, Dr. Brown met with considerable support as a candidate; but the practical researches and published works of Dr. Gregory gave him superior claims in the judgment of the electors. Dr. Brown gave one winter a course of lectures to mechanics and working men along with the lamented Edward Forbes, with whom kindred genius and scientific enthusiasm had brought him into association. We lately had occasion to quote some

interesting recollections of these lectures by one who was present (*ante*, p. 610). A tragedy, *Galileo Galilei*, published in 1849, is the only literary work of Dr. Brown with which we are acquainted. He belonged to a family well known in Scottish annals, especially in connexion with ecclesiastical history and literature. His grandfather was the well-known Dr. John Brown, of Haddington, author of the 'Self-interpreting Bible,' and other works familiar in the homes of the Scottish peasantry.

The death of Viscount Hardinge recalls many military events in which the late Commander-in-Chief bore a conspicuous part, from the Peninsular war to the campaigns of the Sutlej. To have been the successor of Wellington as head of the British army is alone enough to entitle Hardinge to an honourable place in the annals of England, and his personal character and career justified his high military position. Historians will record the valuable services rendered to his country in the field, and give his name an honourable place on the beauro of English military worthies.

From Moscow the scene of events of greatest European interest has shifted to Brussels, where, during the past week, an International Free Trade Congress has been held. Besides the more directly commercial objects of the meeting, various topics have been discussed bearing on the interests of science and art, such as the decimal system of coins, weights, and measures, and international book-postage. The attendance of delegates from almost every part of Europe, including some men of high scientific and public reputation, was numerous, about five hundred being present.

Professor Henslow, as village pastor of Hitcham, continues with unwearied zeal his efforts for the social and economic improvement as well as the spiritual welfare of his parishioners. His annual report contains notices of the allotment plots of garden, with the prizes gained by the cottagers; of the exhibitions of roots, fruits, and flowers, dignified by the title of Horticultural Shows; and of a variety of contrivances by which the worthy Rector tries to diffuse and deepen habits of order, industry, and skill, especially among the young folk under his charge. The more ordinary branches of village learning are not neglected, as appears in a satisfactory School Report. The Reverend Professor's parochial activity and usefulness might be well emulated in many villages of which the Owlet of Owlstone Edge could tell.

The scheme for supplying cheap musical entertainment to the working-classes has assumed a larger scope in the removal of the concerts to St. Martin's Hall, where the first of a series was given on Monday evening. The performances were good, and were well appreciated by the audience. But the attempt to combine literary with musical attractions at these assemblies met with a significant repulse on this occasion. Mr. Leigh Hunt, who had been induced to preside, prepared a long discourse on popular pastimes generally, and the pleasures and influences of music in particular. This essay Mr. Stocquer vainly attempted to read, [and then handed the manuscript to Mr. Mayhew, who continued amidst expressions of impatience, which were only checked by respect for the grey hairs of the author, and the genial temper of the reader. These literary disquisitions are out of place on such occasions. Lectures for the working-classes are good in their way, but they are not usually attended for relaxation and amusement. Good music is what is wanted at these 'People's Concerts,' and if this can be provided at a cheap rate, the attendance will be all that the friends of the working-classes could wish. The scheme might be easily self-supporting, and it would be well if its generous and benevolent promoters would be content to allow their patronage to appear less obtrusive in the public arrangements. The independence of the working-classes is likely to be repelled by the tone in which amusement is announced as being provided, for which they are willing to pay. The subscriptions of the friends of the movement, and the kind services occasionally of artists of high name, may surely be



expected, without even the appearance of ostentation or of philanthropy.

The Directors of the Royal Polytechnic Institution seem ever on the alert to introduce each important novelty in art or science to the notice of visitors. Bessemer's process of making iron or steel is at present the chief attraction, a popular exposition being given on the subject by Mr. J. H. Pepper, with experiments and dissolving diagrams, illustrative of the lecture. Sketches of American life in the west, in log-hut and city, are given by Mr. Leicester Buckingham, also illustrated by dissolving views. Musical lectures and miscellaneous exhibitions keep up the popularity of the Polytechnic as a place of resort for instructive entertainment.

Another institution of a similar class is announced, in the opening of the well-known building in the Regent's park, as a Royal Colosseum of Art and Science, where lectures, music, and various attractions will be provided. The affairs of the Panopticon, we understand, are in Chancery, an injunction to that effect having interfered with the sale of the property lately advertised to take place.

Another report of a marine prodigy, supposed to be 'the Sea Serpent again,' appears with greater authenticity of circumstances than some of the previous announcements on the same subject, in a letter from the owners of the vessel whose Captain had the good fortune not only to see but to hit it with a rifle-ball. The following is the extract from the log of the ship *Princess*, Capt. A. K. N. Tremearne, now in the London Docks, from China.

"Tuesday, July 8th, 1856.—Latitude, accurate, 34° 56' S.; longitude, accurate, 15° 14' E.; gentle breeze, fine weather. At 1 p.m. saw a very large fish, with a head like a walrus, and 12 fins similar to those in a blackfish, but turned the contrary way; the back was from 20 to 30 feet long, also a great length of tail. It is not improbable that this monster has been taken for the great sea serpent. Fired, and hit it near the head with rifle-ball. At 8 wind fresh and fine."

We submit that the repeated accounts of seeing a marine monster, whatever be its correct name or kind, yet harping on in some leading descriptions, forbid longer doubt of some such creature existing, and we enclose you a rough sketch (as this one appeared), signed by Captain Tremearne, who has been six years in our employ, and is otherwise well known. His own private log contains a similar record, and we have interrogated others of the *Princess's* crew, who assert the fact of such appearance.

Captain Tremearne states that Captain Morgan, a passenger by the *Princess*, but who at St. Helena joined the ship *Senator*, to command her to Liverpool (where she is daily expected), also saw this monster, and can corroborate the statements.

From a paper 'On the Recent Earthquake in Algeria,' read in the last sitting of the Academy of Sciences, we learn a fact which appears to us curious—it is, that in the plain below Djebel Halia, large fissures were formed in the earth, and that from them vast quantities of water were thrown up to the height of many feet. In some places the water contained sand, in others mud impregnated with sulphurous matters.

As usual at this season, the Parisian publishers have commenced the publication of almanacks for the ensuing year. In France the sale of this class of works is prodigious; there is, perhaps, not a family in the land which does not receive an almanack of some kind or other, and millions of peasants never think of reading, or having read to them, anything else. Addressed to all classes of the community, the almanacks vary infinitely in literary quality and in price, but the great bulk of them are, of course, cheap and trashy. To give the reader some idea of the immensity of this class of publication, we may mention that one single house in Paris brings out not fewer than between forty and fifty different almanacks; and if we are correctly informed there are firms in the country which produce more. The variety presented by the catalogue of the Parisian publisher referred to is curious. It comprises literary, illustrated, theatrical, scientific, comic, religious, astrological, prophetic, gardening, farming, chemical, maritime, physical, musical, card-playing, singing, hygienic, housekeeping, and encyclopedic almanacks—almanacks for young ladies, for mothers, for cooks, for good Catholics, for frequenters of the Bourse, for lovers of fun, and for heretics;

and others which bear the honoured names, give the sage counsels, and contain the infallible productions of Nostradamus and Mathieu Laensberg.

Dr. Puttrich, one of the oldest and most respected jurists in Germany, died in the first week of the present month, in Leipzig, at the advanced age of seventy-five. His name was well known in Germany as a literary character of some eminence, by an important work which he compiled and published, entitled 'Monuments of the Architecture of the Middle Ages in Saxony,' also 'The Development of Architecture in Upper Saxony, from the Tenth to the Fifteenth Centuries.'

The death is also announced of Dr. Emile Braun, the well-known antiquary and secretary of the Archaeological Society of Rome. Dr. Braun's acquisitions were very extensive; and he had directed his attention to many branches of art and industry. His annual course of lectures on the Antiquities of Rome, and Handbook to those Antiquities, are well known. The fine model of the Coliseum in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham was made under his direction.

A new and very interesting work from the pen of Dr. Ferdinand Wolff has just been published in Vienna; it is entitled 'Specimens of Portuguese and Catalan Popular Tales and Ballads, with an Historical Introduction upon the Ballad Poetry of these Countries.' Dr. Wolff, with the assistance of Professor Hofmann of Munich, has already done much service to the history of literature by their conjoint work on Spanish poetry. The translations in the book before us make no pretence of being elegant specimens of German verse, the principal object being to give as true and literal a translation as possible of the Peninsular poetry, and to do this effectually Dr. Wolff has, wherever possible, translated line for line and word for word.

A new ethnological museum is to be opened next month in Berlin, and will occupy three rooms on the first story of the south wing in the 'New Museum.' It will consist of a great number of curiosities collected by Prussian travellers and savans, which have for many years remained packed away in rooms in the royal palace, and in the objects collected in his various and interesting journeys by Prince Waldemar of Prussia; some of the pictures from Catlin's Exhibition are included in these ethnological treasures, besides many models of houses, &c., from the Polar regions, and suits of Esquimaux and Greenland dresses, arms, and hunting materials.

Maximilian, the second king of Bavaria, has just caused to be printed and published at his own expense a valuable work, containing materials for German and Bavarian history, and particularly that connected with the royal house of Bavaria. These materials have been selected, by a committee of professors and learned men, from the different archives, record-offices, and public and private libraries of Germany, and some of the papers contributed have never before been made public, and are of great curiosity and considerable value.

The improvements in the palace of the Escorial in Madrid are being at present carried on with greater zeal than they have ever been since the time of Charles the Fourth. Much that was effected in the two restorations in Ferdinand the Seventh's reign has been completely destroyed. A sum of 2500 pesos duros (upwards of 500*l.*) has already been expended in repairing the stained glass windows, and the historical pictures of Philip the Second's time are being now submitted to the restorer's hands; amongst them is a large and valuable painting of the battle of Lepanto, which has suffered severely from damp and neglect, the barbarous monks having stowed it away for years in a cellar.

The Austrian Government has just attached a paleographic school to the University of Padua, and entrusted its management to Dr. Gloria, Keeper of the Archives, who has lately published a profound historical disquisition on the city and university of Padua.

The newspapers of Vienne, in France, announce the discovery, in the course of some excavations in that town, of a piece of stone bearing the inscrip-

tion—DEO SVCELLO GELLIA IVGVNDA V.S.L.M. It is considered very curious, as it is not known who the god Sucellus was.

## FINE ARTS.

*The Illustrated Handbook of Architecture.*  
By James Fergusson, M.R.I.B.A. Murray.

[Second Notice.]

In his treatment of the second of the two great portions into which his work divides itself—namely, Christian Architecture, the nomenclature which Mr. Fergusson has adopted will be examined with some curiosity. The first style of Christian art, which was common to the whole Roman empire, and prevailed down to the time of Justinian, he denominates Romanesque. From this period a separation takes place.

"If," he says, "a line be drawn from the shores of the Adriatic to the shores of the Baltic—say from Fiume to Königsberg,—it will divide Europe into two nearly equal portions; of these the eastern half is inhabited by Slaves, Huns, Servians, and other races, differing considerably from those to the westward, generally adhering to the Greek church, and practising a style of architecture correctly called the Byzantine, which neither influenced nor was influenced by that of the West after the age of Justinian. To the westward of this line the case was very different; in those countries which had been most populous and were most completely civilized under the Roman rule, the Romanesque style continued to be practised to a much later date than the seventh century—in Ravenna and Venice down to the tenth or eleventh century, with the solitary but important exception of St. Mark's at Venice, the design of which certainly belongs to the East, with which that city was at that age more closely connected than with Rome. On the west coast, at Florence and Pisa, it continued to at least as late a date, and in the south of France it was practised till the twelfth century at least, though with a difference sufficiently marked to obtain for it the distinguishing name of Romance or Provençal. In Spain, too, it continued, I believe, along the Mediterranean shore to as late a period; but that land is still architecturally almost unknown."

This broad distinction banishes at once all the fanciful analogies between the Norman style of England and the Byzantine, and puts an end to the designation of Lombard as applied to every round-arched style in Europe. Byzantine and Romanesque correspond geographically and politically with the Eastern and Western empires, until the latter was superseded by the Goths, whose architecture is coterminous with the feudal institutions brought in by the barbarians. Then, with respect to English architecture, Mr. Fergusson would again connect it in name with the various dynasties that occupied the throne. The divisions he recommends are Saxon, Norman, Plantagenet, Edwardian, Lancastrian, Tudor, and Elizabethan. Thus, most of the old names are preserved; and in the case of the fourth epoch, the Edwardian, a further subdivision, corresponding to the changes which actually took place, is afforded by distinguishing the styles of the First, Second, and Third Edwards. The simplicity and philosophic soundness of these arrangements will doubtless lead to their general adoption.

The Romanesque style opens with a description of the first Christian basilicas, where the work of the Chevalier Bunsen, and another on the same subject by Gutensohn and Knapp, have been the authorities mainly consulted. A later branch of this style is exemplified by the cathedral of Pisa, and by two remark-

able churches at Viterbo, near Toscanella. With respect to the former, Mr. Fergusson's criticism is as follows:—

"This church is more remarkable for its external than for its internal architecture; every part of its exterior showing an extraordinary exuberance of ornament, considering how completely that had been neglected in all previous examples. . . . It is not difficult to see that the motive of the decoration was to reproduce the effect of a Roman or Grecian peristylar temple with that multiplicity of small parts which was then in vogue. Nothing, however, in modern times can equal the absurdity of the number of false arches and pilasters which are here used; and those who criticize severely the two orders of our St. Paul's, should turn to the five orders of this façade, with their little arches and unmeaning gables. One arcade over the entrance and one following the slope of the roof are admirable, and are often used in Italy in this age with the most pleasing effect; but the piling four, one over another, as is here found, merely to hide the walls and windows, and the excessive awkwardness with which it is tried to adapt them to the slope of the roof, make up an architectural composition as clumsy as any ever attempted on the same scale, and which even the elegance of the parts and the profusion of ornament fail entirely to redeem."

The use of circular buildings among the early Christians, first as tombs, and, at a later period, as baptisteries, is fully illustrated. Here, however, if we understand the author right, he seems to consider that the circular building, properly called—from the Latin *circulus*—a *cirque* or *kirk*, was an edifice of greater sanctity than the basilica itself, which was only a place of assembly for the members of the church, whilst the former was devoted to the celebration of its more important rites, as that of initiation by baptism. We are not aware whether any instances have yet occurred of the adoption of a circular or octagonal form for the numerous cemetery chapels that are springing up throughout the country; but the beauty of plan in some of these examples, and of elevation in some later German instances, as the Anna Chapel, at Heiligenstadt, (p. 758), seems strongly to invite this mode of construction, which has been further sanctioned by ancient usage.

Lombard architecture is the first style of those introduced by the northern invaders which reached grandeur and distinction, principally as a result of the impulses communicated by Charlemagne. The remains, however, are few until the eleventh century is reached; of which period are the cathedrals of Novara and Piacenza, with parts of the church of San Ambrogio, Milan. To this age also belong the round-arch campaniles of Italy, which, from that of St. Mark's at Venice to that of the Ghirlandina at Modena, have met with a degree of praise in the author's opinion undeserved and exaggerated.

A chapter devoted to Swiss architecture furnishes an opportunity for the introduction of an ancient plan for rebuilding the monastery at St. Gall, discovered by Mabillon among the archives of the house. This plan, which belongs, as seems certain, to the ninth century, discloses facts relating to the refinement and completeness of monastic arrangements of that date which are astonishing. The dormitories were to be heated by a most scientific arrangement; the church and its accompaniments, the apses, the altars, the crypt, the sacristy, the library, &c., many of which have been considered the invention of subsequent ages, are here marked out distinctly. In the plan of the church, moreover, the following remarkable feature is disclosed:—

"The western apse is surrounded by an open semicircular porch, and on either side of this, but detached, are two circular towers, each with an altar on its summit, one dedicated to the archangel Michael, the other to Gabriel, these were to be reached by circular stairs or inclined planes. No mention is made of bells, but the text would seem to intimate rather that the towers were designed for watch-towers or observatories. The similarity of their position and form to that of the Irish round towers is most remarkable; but whether this was in compliment to the Irish saint to whom the monastery owed its origin, or whether we must look to Ravenna for the type, are questions not now easily determined. We know far too little yet of the archaeology of the age to speak with certainty on such questions. There can, however, I think, be little doubt but that the meaning and origin of these and of the Irish towers were the same; but whether it was a form exclusively belonging to a Celtic or Irish race, or common to all churches of that age, is what we cannot now decide from the imperfect data at our command."

The early Gothic of Germany is to be traced much in the same manner as that of Provence. Only one building exists on the banks of the Rhine which bears traces of a Romanesque character—the porch of the convent at Lorsch; the earliest type building in the round-arch style being the celebrated cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle, which the author conceives to be existing in all essential particulars as it was left by Charlemagne. Trèves, Worms, and Spire present successively splendid examples of the round-arched style as practised in Germany, until the introduction of the pointed arch from France. Previously to this epoch the architectural districts of the country, according to the author, were eight—Provence, Aquitaine, Auvergne, Anjou, Brittany, Normandy, Frankia, and Burgundy. The former of these provinces appears to have enjoyed a degree of civilization which was elsewhere unknown in the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries; and the splendid examples which are here figured from Arles, Alet, and Frontfroide, amply justify the opinion, that here are to be found instances of delicacy and refinement, which are characteristic of the south, and with which there is nothing in England to compare. The district of Aquitaine, embracing the whole country where the names terminate in *-ac*, are less distinguished for their elegance. They possess, however, the variety which is peculiar to French art, accompanied by the delicacy peculiar to the south. Of the Angiovine district, the great characteristic example is the church of Notre Dame at Poitiers. This has been fully described and figured in a woodcut of unusual beauty. The peculiarities of the Auvergne style are next enumerated; the central towers extending to the whole breadth of the church, the roofs of the nave formed by great tunnel vaults, supported by semi-vaults in the side aisle, the slight buttresses, and finally, as the most beautiful and admired feature, the arrangement of the chapels of the church externally. In this district also occurs the remarkable case of a fortified church, with ecclesiastical windows, and heavy machicolations above, emblematic rather of war and bloodshed than of peace and goodwill amongst men. In Burgundy, since the destruction of the great abbey of Cluny, a church at St. Menoux affords one of the best specimens of style, the cathedral of Autun showing already a slight introduction of the pointed arch.

Some remarks on freemasonry here introduced by Mr. Fergusson are of considerable interest. He points out that every class of

craftsmen in this age formed itself into a guild or corporation, each of which had its masters and wardens, and was recruited from a body of apprentices. Whilst, however, the shoemakers, hatters, tailors, vintners, &c., could practise their trade at home, and in their native town, it was necessary for the masons to work away from home, and when any important building was in progress to travel to the spot where their services were required. Hence arose the lodges where these travelling bodies could claim assistance and hospitality, and the system of secret signs for mutual recognition. The masons, however, never designed the work they had to execute. This was always left to some eminent and accomplished men, either ecclesiastical or lay:—

"If, for instance, we take a cathedral, any one of a series—let us say Paris; when it was completed, or nearly so, it was easy to see that though an improvement on those which preceded it, there were many things which might be better. The side aisles were too low, the gallery too large, the clerestory not sufficiently spacious for the display of the painted glass, and so on. Let us next suppose the Bishop of Amiens at that period determined on the erection of his cathedral. It was easy for him or his master-masons to make these criticisms, and also to see how to avoid these mistakes; they could easily also see where width might be spared, especially in the nave; how also a little additional height and a little additional length would improve the effect of the whole. . . . All these improvements would, of course, be adopted in the new cathedral; and without making drawings, guided only by general directions as to the plan and dimensions, the masons might proceed with the work, and introducing all the new improvements as it progressed, they would inevitably produce a better result than any that preceded it, without any especial skill on the part either of the master-mason or his employer."

Afterwards, when the masonic lodges became so powerful that the practice of building got into their hands, the decline of architecture was the result.

The instances of skill in construction and in stone-cutting were marvellous, but the efforts of true art were proportionally few in number. They ceased also to be the especial object and care of a whole people who, in the best times, contributed, each man in his own vocation, to develop and perfect the national style.

The introduction of the pointed arch from the East was the great event which now gave a new starting point to the invention of architects in all the feudal countries. The much disputed honour of this discovery is shown to belong indisputably to Provence. The change it effected was as vast as it was immediate. The thirteenth century witnessed the erection of a series of buildings of the highest importance—the cathedrals of Paris, Chartres, Rheims, Amiens, followed by Troyes, Beauvais, Bourges, and the exquisite church of St. Ouen, at Rouen, which commands the admiration alike of the most learned and the most uneducated taste.

The antiquity of Belgian architecture appears not to extend higher than the pointed Gothic; but of this style the cloth hall at Ypres, the town hall at Brussels, and the palace of the Bishop of Liège, are brilliant examples.

The pointed style of Germany, in spite of the assumptions of recent writers, is shown to have been chiefly taken from that of France. Cologne, the great typical cathedral, is confessedly derived from that of Amiens.



Friburg is instanced as one of the best specimens of a spire such as Cologne, if completed, would exhibit; Strasburg, in spite of its magnificent ornaments and its great reputation, is considered by the author to be full of those affectations, opposed to true principles of construction, which are the failing of German art, as in St. Stephen's at Vienna, and the Schöne Brunnen at Nuremberg. Some carving at Chemnitz is pointed out as the extreme to which the absurdity of a style may be carried, when design, instead of being the work of the architect, is left to display the technical resources of the sculptor and carver. The famous Sacraments Fraislein of Adam Kraft, at Nuremberg, the reader will not, without regret, find set down as an absurd piece of construction, calculated to excite our wonder, and "to some extent" our admiration for the lightness and elegance of their structure.

Italy, Mr. Fergusson agrees with all in asserting, was no congenial soil for the growth of Gothic architecture. The great cathedral of Florence is cold and flat in comparison with its northern rivals. Milan itself, with its enormous ground plan, its uniform design, its unrivalled richness of material, and gorgeousness of decoration, leaves an impression on the mind less beautiful than that which would be conveyed by Cologne if complete, and less satisfactory than either Rheims, Chartres, Amiens, or Bourges. The tower itself of Giotto, the subject of such extravagant laudation, is not devoid of faults which would have been avoided by French and other architects. Venice, Apulia, Naples, and Sicily, are included as members of the Italian group.

Spain and Portugal are treated as countries almost architecturally unknown; but the cathedrals of Leon, Burgos, and Seville, though not accurately measured, are sufficiently indicative of the characters of style.

Gothic architecture in Britain at length comes under the author's review; and the instances upon which he relies chiefly for illustration are the following:—the tower of Earl's Barton Church, Canterbury, Rochester, Chichester, Lincoln, and Lichfield cathedrals, Eltham palace, and Windsor. Wells he considers to be one of the most beautiful of our English group. He laments over the destruction of St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster, the gem of English art of the date 1292, or from that to 1348, and a building to be compared with the Sainte Chapelle of Saint Louis, which it rivalled in beauty; and he points out a window of Chester Cathedral as "probably without a single exception the most beautiful design for window tracery in the world." Chapters follow upon Scottish and Irish architecture, and as we have already alluded to the subject of the round towers, the following summary respecting them may be extracted:—

"Whatever may have been their origin, there can be no doubt as to the uses to which they were applied by the Christians—they were symbols of power and marks of dignity. They were also bell-towers. But perhaps their most important use was that of keeps or fortalices—places to which, in troubled times, the plate of the church and everything of value could be removed and kept in safety till danger was past."

Two final chapters are devoted to the Gothic buildings of northern Europe, and to the Byzantine style, including St. Sophia, St. Mark of Venice, the churches of Asia, and the buildings of Kieff, Novogorod, and Moscow.

In following the author throughout this extensive survey, the reader will not fail to admire the unprecedented stock of materials from which the conclusions have been drawn, and the power of condensation which has been brought to bear upon the facts adduced. The variety of the writer's experience, and the range of his study, add weight to the judgments which he passes upon works of art that have been hitherto examined from a lower point of view, and with less abundant means of comparison. The number and beauty of the illustrations is another recommendation. The plans have very generally been drawn to one scale; the elevations are taken from the most authentic sources, and the beauty of execution of the woodcuts is throughout most conspicuous.

The introductory observations upon the leading principles of the art may be studied, as tending in many instances to correct the ideas that are prevalent on these subjects; but the final remarks on a new style of architecture are the only ones to which reference can be made here. To the question, Can any one invent a new style? Mr. Fergusson's answer is—No individual has, so far as we know, ever invented a new style in any part of the world: no one can even be named who, during the prevalence of a true style of art, by his individual exertion materially helped it forward; and we may safely answer, as this has never happened before, it is hardly probable it will ever occur now. To the other query so often asked, Can we ever again have a new style of architecture? the answer is as decidedly given in the affirmative. As no nation has failed to invent for itself a true and appropriate style, so there can be no great difficulty in our doing the same, if we set to work in the proper spirit, and are prepared to follow the same process which others have followed. But when the prospects of success are further investigated, the result is not promising. The clergy are profoundly impressed with the idea that the Gothic style alone is suited for church-building purposes; the classical orders are venerated along with the remains of classical literature; and an Italian style prevails among the builders of banks, insurance offices, and club-houses. Only among the manufacturers of the north, and in the case of the Crystal Palace, have buildings been raised which depend for their effect simply upon the arrangement of their parts and the display of their construction. But these structures, however well adapted to special uses, give little hope for the future of Art.

"Art will not be regenerated by buildings so ephemeral as Crystal Palaces, or so prosaic as Manchester warehouses, or so essentially utilitarian as the works of our engineers. The one hope is, that, having commenced at the bottom, the true system may extend upwards, and come at last to be applied to our palaces and churches, and the whole nation lend its aid to work out the great problem. Whenever its significance is rightly appreciated by the public this result seems inevitable, and with the means of diffusing knowledge which we now possess we may perhaps be permitted to fancy that the dawn is at hand, and that after our long wanderings in the dark, daylight may again enlighten our path and gladden our hearts with the vision of brighter and better things in art than a false system has hitherto enabled us to attain."

Whatever be the ultimate destiny of this noble branch of the fine arts in the country, it will be acknowledged that Mr. Fergusson has set before his readers in very distinct

terms the nature of the problem to be solved, and has further pointed out the only conditions under which lies the possibility of its solution.

A statue of Froissart was inaugurated with a great deal of pomp at Valenciennes, his native place, on Sunday last. It is by M. Lemaire, of the Institute, famous as the sculptor of the pediment of the Madeleine, at Paris, and other great works. It represents the distinguished historian seated in a meditative attitude. The expression of his features has been imitated with great skill from a miniature painted in one of his 'Chroniques.' A cantata was executed and sung, and speeches in honour of Froissart were delivered by M. Braes, deputy mayor of the town; M. Merimée, in the name of a deputation from the Académie Française; and M. Wallon, in that of one from the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres. A grand banquet followed, at which due honour was paid to the sculptor. Our letters say that it was pleasing to see the marked interest which the lower classes took in the ceremony, and the ardent pride they felt in being the townsman of such a man as Froissart.

In our last we were able to announce that an exhibition of the works of living artists would take place in Paris next year. We have now to state that, by decision of the Emperor, it is to commence on the 15th of May, and close on the 15th of July.

The Royal Academy of Fine Arts of Stockholm has elected the Belgian artists—Keyser, Gallait, and Leys, and the French one Couture, foreign associates.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE festival in honour of Mozart at Salzburg, about which so much has been written during the last six months, has at length been celebrated. It was heralded by the sound of so many trumpets, so much was promised, and the public expectation raised to so high a pitch, that it is little wonder if the fulfilment has fallen somewhat short of the hopes excited. The musical talent brought into requisition seems scarcely to have been worthy of the occasion, and the selections for performance by no means calculated to show forth the varied talents of the great master. We find amongst the list of those present none of the great musical names in Germany, and in the execution of the solo parts there was a decided lack of first-rate talent. Still there was much to interest, though little to excite enthusiasm. The great feature of the festival was the assembling of the "Liedertafeln" (singing societies), and the immense power these choruses of trained men's voices gave to the performances. They came in troops from Prague, Vienna, Berlin, Hamburg, Dresden, Weimar, Gratz, Brunn, Munich, and Riga—indeed from all parts of Germany. Capellmeister Lachner required all the well-known strength and energy of his character to reduce these varied and numerous societies into something like order, but his success seems to have been in proportion to the difficulty of his task. For many days previous to the 7th instant, crowds of visitors continued to arrive, and amongst them may be mentioned the dowager Empress of Austria, the King and Queen of Bavaria, and King Otho of Greece. The weather was gloriously fine, and the view of the snow-clad Alps in the distance one of extreme and rare beauty. The gates of Salzburg were adorned with wreaths and garlands, and above them waved the colours of the town itself and of Austria, Bavaria, and the Tyrol. Passing into the town, the eye was caught with the brilliancy of the tapestries hung from the windows, and all the external ornaments of the public buildings and private houses; the bridge across the Salzach and the principal streets were crowded with people, many in the beautiful and strange costumes of the neighbouring provinces. On the evening of the 6th, thenumerous "Liedertafeln" assembled and marched in grand procession to the Mozart-square, where the statue of the great musician stands: the band

of the town came first, followed by the Committee of Arrangement, the artists who had come from a distance, and the orchestra and chorus for the performance of the cantata for the festival, the chorus singers being placed according to their voices. The procession was headed, followed, and interspersed at regular distances by torch-bearers, to the amount of upwards of two hundred. Having reached the square, the members of the orchestra and singers ranged themselves round the statue of Mozart, and the torches were so disposed as to bring out the figure of the great master in life-like relief; and none but those who were present can realize the solemn effect produced by the performance, under such circumstances, of the cantata composed for the occasion by Capellmeister Lachner. Fireworks followed, and monster bonfires blazed on the Gaisberg and the Burgstein. The morning of Sunday, the 7th, the real fête-day, dawned in perfect beauty; high mass was performed in the cathedral; Mozart's fugue, "Pignus futuræ," and his glorious "Misericordias," formed the chief attraction. In the evening a concert took place in the "Aula Academica," but of it little need be said. The principal features were the overture to the *Zauberflöte*, the clarinet aria from *Titus*, two or three arias from other operas, the quintet from *Idomeneo*, and the symphony in C minor. There was nothing new, nothing striking. Herr Willmars was unfortunately selected as the pianist; and those who are familiar with his vehement and brilliant style of execution, will readily believe that he could as little render the lovely melodies as enter into the sublime spirit of Mozart. The true worshippers at his shrine must forget self and merge themselves in the ideas of the great composer, and this Herr Willmars cannot do. It was intended to hold a monster meeting of the different "Liedertafeln" on the Mönchberg, but the rain which came on prevented this. It took place, however, in the "Aula Academica;" with it the festival concluded, leaving many disappointed, but we hope more satisfied. As a musical display got up to honour the name of the great Mozart, the Salzburg festival has proved a failure; but as a social gathering of his lovers and admirers it left nothing to be wished for.

Madame Borghi Mamo, the Italian cantatrice, made her *début* in French opera, as *Fides* in the *Prophète*, at the Grand Opera at Paris, a few nights ago; and notwithstanding the difficulty of singing in a foreign language and music, she attained great success.

The American actor, Mr. Murdoch, will not disappoint those who witness his performance in *The Inconstant*, at the Haymarket. Possessing a good presence and a clear and flexible voice, he is also unusually free from any stage mannerism of speech or delivery repulsive to sound taste. The part of *Mirabel* is, throughout, rendered with judgment and spirit. The cast is as efficient as the Haymarket company will admit of; but the rest of the performance gratifies upon the recollection of those who have seen the play as it used to be represented in the time of Charles Kemble.

At Drury Lane, Sheridan Knowles's drama, *Love*, has been given this week, and Mrs. Emma Waller's representation of *The Countess* confirms the expectations raised by her previous appearances as *Pauline* in the *Lady of Lyons*, and *Julia* in the *Hunchback*. The performance of Miss Cleveland as *Catherine* elicited well-deserved applause.

The temptation to burlesque *Pizarro*, as produced at the Princess's, was not likely to pass, and a comic drama is given at Drury Lane, with Mrs. Keeley as *Rolla*, Mr. Keeley as *Pizarro*, Mr. Tibbury as *King Ataliba*, Mr. Honey as *Alonso*, and Mrs. F. Matthews as *Corra*. The acting, singing, and stage effects are capital, but the verbiage of the burlesque is wretchedly poor. The style of the jokes is sufficiently patent in the play-bills (where the writer is expected to put his best foot foremost), as when the list of Peruvians describes *Corra* as "a young lady who, though not exactly the *corps* of the piece, has a good (art) heart in it, and is of great assistance to the battle with her child in *arma*." The per-

formers themselves seem ashamed sometimes of the slang put into their mouths. A very moderate amount of legitimate humour might have blown out Sheridan's play into ludicrous bombast, and made the burlesque noticeable for its wit as well as amusing in its performance.

The *Merry Wives of Windsor* has been added to the Shakspearian performances at Sadler's Wells, with tragic Mr. Phelps as *Sir John Falstaff*, an impersonation which even his warmest admirers admit to be "somewhat hard," though marked by the study and care bestowed on all the parts which he undertakes.

Brachvogel, the young and clever author of the tragedy, *Narcissus*, which we noticed a few weeks since, has just finished another dramatic work, the subject of which is taken from German history; it has been offered for performance on the stage, and is spoken of highly by those who have had an opportunity of perusing it.

The Théâtre Français at Paris has produced a drama, in three acts and in verse, called *Fais ce que dois*, by M. de Laceretelle, son of the well-known historian, and M. Decourcelle; but in every respect it is a very indifferent production. It is founded on the adventures of the notorious Connétable de Bourbon.

Mdlle. Rachel has been ordered by her physicians to pass the winter at Cairo.

#### LEARNED SOCIETIES.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION.—(Section C.)—'On a Fossil Mammal *Stereognathus ooliticus*' from the Stonesfield Slate,' by Professor Owen.—Professor Owen exhibited, by favour of the Rev. J. P. B. Dennis, M.A., a portion of a lower jaw, with three molar teeth, of a small mammal, from the oolitic slate of Stonesfield, Oxfordshire, for which the name of *Stereognathus ooliticus* had been proposed; and after a minute description of the characters of the bone and teeth, he entered upon the question of its probable affinities. These could only be judged of by the peculiarities of certain molar teeth of the lower jaw of the unique fossil. Those teeth presented the singular complexity of six cusps or cones upon the grinding surface, in three longitudinal pairs, the crown of the tooth being quadrate, broadest transversely, but very short or low. The jaw-bone presents a corresponding shallowness and thickness. The cusps are sub-compressed: the outermost and innermost of the three hinder ones are oblique, and converge towards the middle of the crown, being overlapped by the outermost and innermost of the three front cones. The three molar teeth occupy the extent of 4½ lines, or 1 centimètre: each tooth being 3 millimètres in fore and aft extent, and nearly 4 millimètres in transverse extent. After a comparison of these molars with the multicusp teeth of the rat, the hedgehog, the shrews, and Galeopithecii, the author showed that the proportions, numbers, and arrangement of the cusps in those Insectivora forbade a reference of the *Stereognathus*, on dental grounds, to that order. The same negative result followed a comparison of the fossil with the sex-cuspid teeth of the young Manatee. The author finally proceeded to point out closer resemblances to the sex-cuspid teeth of the oolitic mammal in the eocene Hyracothere, Microthere and Hyopotamus; but in these the resemblance was presented only by the teeth of the upper jaw. The lower molar teeth of the Chœropotamus, to which the author deemed those of the Hyracotherium would most closely approximate, when discovered, showed a rudiment of the intermediate cones between the normal pairs of cones. The proportional size and regularity of the form of the cones of the grinding teeth of the *Stereognathus* give a quite different character of the crown from that of the multicusp molars of the Insectivora, and cause the sex-cuspid crown of the oolitic mammal to resemble the pente-cuspid and quadri-cuspid molars of the before cited extinct Artiodactyle genera. Professor Owen concluded, therefore, that the *Stereognathus* was most probably a diminutive form of non-ruminant Artio-

dactyle, of omnivorous habits.—'On the *Dichodon cuspidatus*, from the Upper Eocene of the Isle of Wight and Hordwell, Hants,' by Professor Owen. Professor Owen communicated the results of examinations of additional specimens of jaws and teeth of the *Dichodon cuspidatus*, which he had received since his original Memoirs on that extinct animal in the 'Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society,' vol. iv. (June, 1847). The first specimen described supplied the characters of the last true molar tooth of the lower jaw, which had not been previously known. This tooth has six lobes, the additional posterior pair being less than the normal ones, and more simple. The inner surface of the inner lobe has an accessory cusp at the back part of its base, but not at the fore part as in the other lobes. The length of the last lower molar was nine lines, that of the first and second molars being each six lines. A specimen of the *Dichodon cuspidatus* from the Hordwell Sands, in the British Museum, supplied the characters of the permanent incisors, canine, and three anterior premolars of the upper jaw: all these teeth closely correspond in form with the corresponding deciduous teeth, but are of larger size. Finally, a portion of the lower jaw of an aged specimen of *Dichodon*, in the British Museum, showing the effects of attrition on the last molar tooth, was described, and the results of this additional evidence confirmed the conclusions of the author as to the generic distinction of the *Dichodon*.—'Additional Evidence of the Fossil Musk-Ox (*Bubalus Moschatus*) from the Wiltshire Drift,' by Professor Owen.

(Section D.)—'Description of the Ajah, a kind of Whale, found by Dr. Vogel in the River Benué (Central Africa) in September, 1855,' translated and communicated by Dr. Shaw. The Ajah is a species of whale found in the River Benué, or Upper Chadda, by Dr. Vogel, and is thus described by him:—It is black, horizontal, shovel-shaped, with two fins situate close behind the head, each with three three-jointed bones, each ending in a short nail. The head is pointed; upper lip cleft; mouth extraordinarily small (in one individual of 5 feet in length, the head was 18 inches long, 15 inches high, and the orifice of the mouth only 3 inches); nostrils directed forward and close over the upper lip—they are crescentic; eyes upward directed, close behind the nostrils, and (in the above-mentioned case only 3½ inches from the end to the muzzle or snout) very small (3 lines in diameter), black; no spouting holes; gullet hard; tongue immovable (grown fast) on each side, above and below; five grinders (with 6 points and 3 roots each), extending only a few lines above the gum; front teeth wanting, instead of which the jaw is bordered with hard, short bristles; colour, dark grey; belly, whitish; the back covered with isolated, rough red hairs. The Ajah becomes 10 feet long, and lives in the marshes inundated by the river. With the subsidence of the waters, the animal retires down the river to the ocean; but reappears in the commencement of the rainy season with the rising waters, bringing with it one or two young, at that period from 3 feet to 4 feet in length. Its food consists chiefly of grass; and in the dung, which in colour and form resembles that of the horse, no trace of fish was ever found. The Ajah is exceedingly fat; the flesh and fat, similar to that of the hog, is very well-tasting. The bones are as hard as ivory, and rings are fabricated from them, and whips are made from the skin. The Ajah appears to be rare; and I do not believe that during the three months it remains in the Benué, more than twenty to thirty are taken. On this paper, Prof. Owen read the following note on the Ajah of Dr. Vogel:—'The translation of Dr. Vogel's account of the animal which that enterprising traveller had seen in the River Benué, or Chadda, in Central Africa, permits of no doubt being entertained as to the class, and even genus, of animal to which that brief and somewhat vague account refers. The combination of two crescentic nostrils, with a pair of fins attached 'close behind the head,' shows that it is a cetaceous animal; whilst its food, 'chiefly of grass,' proves it to be



long to the herbivorous section of the order Cetacea of the Cuvierian system, answering to the order Sirenia of Illiger. That order now includes three genera—*Manatus*, *Halicore*, and *Hyatina*; the first of which is the only one in which the teeth are multicuspid, and with two or more roots. It is, therefore, a species of Manatee that Dr. Vogel makes known to us under the name of Ajuh. One species of *Manatus* has long been known as inhabiting certain rivers of Africa, especially those terminating on the west coast. This species is the *Manatus Senegalensis* of Cuvier and other zoologists. A stuffed specimen from that coast is in the British Museum; it was presented by Messrs. Vorster and Co., African merchants. The back and sides of the body are of a very dark grey, approaching to black; the belly is a light grey. The head is small in proportion to the body, and tapers to an obtuse muzzle; the upper lip is cleft, and the mouth small. The nostrils, a pair of crescentic clefts, with the convexity upward and backward, are situated as described in the Ajuh: the eyes are, however, not situated close behind the nostrils, and they are distant  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inches from the end of the muzzle. This admeasurement is from an individual about three feet longer than the one of which the dimensions are given by Dr. Vogel; but the difference of relative position seems still too great to be accidental or probable in animals of the same species. The hard short bristles which fringe the mouth, the scattered hairs along the back, the nails terminating each of the three-jointed digits of the pectoral fin, the want of front or incisive teeth, the hard ivory-like texture of the bones, the fatness and vapid nature of the flesh, are all characters common to the Manatees. The number of nails appears to vary in individuals of the same species, as might be expected in parts almost rudimentary in their development, and of no very great utility to the animal. Thus Cuvier notices in one individual of the American Manatee (*Manatus Americanus*, Desm., *M. Australis*, Tilesius) four flat rounded nails on the edge of the fin; the fourth being very small. In a fetus of this species there were but three nails on one fin, and four on the other. In a young Manatee, Cuvier noticed only two nails on each fin. The three nails observed by Dr. Vogel on the fin of the Ajuh cannot therefore be depended on as a constant or specific character. The teeth of the known species of Manatee have the crown divided into two transverse ridges—each ridge, in the upper molars, being at first tri-tuberculate; but the intervals of the tubercles are so shallow that they are soon worn down, and a transverse ridge of dentine, bordered by enamel, is exposed. There is also an anterior and posterior low barrel ridge, the posterior one being most developed in the lower molars. The upper molars have each three diverging roots—one on the inner, and two on the outer side. The lower molars have two fangs. Dr. Vogel's description of the grinders, as 'having six points and three roots each,' would apply to the upper molars of the *M. Senegalensis* before they had been much worn. As to the number, 'five,' that doubtless refers to the number forming the series of teeth on each side of the jaw. I have not had the opportunity of examining the dentition of the known African Manatee. In the figure of the skull of the *M. Senegalensis* given by Cuvier, six molars are shown on the right side of both upper and lower jaws, and the coronoid process of the mandible may hide a greater number. In the American Manatee I have ascertained that at least nine molars are developed on each side of both jaws, but they are never simultaneously in place or use. The greatest number which I have found in that condition is seven—the socket of a shed anterior molar being at one end of the series, and that containing an incomplete ninth molar at the opposite end. Prof. Stannius has observed a small simple conical molar anterior to the normal two-ridged molars, and divided by a narrow interval from them, in a new-born American Manatee. The individual Ajuh, five feet in length, which appears to have been more especially the subject of Dr. Vogel's account, was a half-grown animal, and the number of grinders (five),

as well as their six-pointed crowns, doubtless relate to that circumstance. Fifteen feet is said to be the length to which adults of the *M. Senegalensis* attain: the Ajuh becomes ten feet long. It may be a distinct and somewhat smaller species. The chief indication, however, of such specific distinction is the closer approximation of the eyes to the nostrils and to the end of the snout, as shown by the admeasurement given by Dr. Vogel. The easiest procurable and transportable evidence of the Ajuh, and the best calculated to determine this point, would be the skull; but every part would be most acceptable; and, in the meanwhile, the species may be indicated and kept before the notice of the naturalists by entering the Ajuh in the Zoological Catalogues as the *Manatus Vogelii*, or Vogel's Manatee. A skull of a Manatee, obtained by Dr. Baikie in Africa, was also exhibited to the Section.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Tuesday—Entomological, 8 p.m.  
Wednesday—Pharmaceutical, 8 p.m.  
Thursday—Zoological, 3 p.m.—(General Business.)  
Friday—Architectural Association, Lyon's Inn Hall, 8 p.m.—(Public Conversations. Opening Address by the President.)

#### VARIETIES.

**New Botanic Garden in India.**—It was last week notified in the 'Fort St. George Gazette' that Dr. Cleghorn, Professor of Botany in the Madras Medical College, will go hence on duty to Mysore, whither he has accordingly since proceeded. The object of his visit, we understand, is to advise with Sir Mark Cubbon regarding the choice of a site for a botanic garden, which it is proposed to establish somewhere within the rajah's dominions; a highly useful project, which was suggested by the doctor himself, whose views were at once taken up by government, and warmly responded to by the commissioner, who is ever on the watch for opportunities of improving the country committed to his charge. In the present case, however, the interests of Mysore are not alone concerned, since the garden there will be perhaps the means of gradually acclimatizing valuable trees, shrubs, and plants, for which the Neilgherries are too cold, and the climate of the plains too fervid. A sudden transition from their native regions to either the one or the other is very commonly fatal to them; but if the intermediate locality of Mysore—regarding which General Cubbon says in his memorandum, so often quoted by us, that "the climate being subject to no extremes of heat, or cold, or moisture, is alike favourable to the labours of the husbandman and to the growth of the produce of other and apparently dissimilar regions"—should favour the cultivation of foreign vegetable products to the extent anticipated, it is probable that these may by degrees be propagated both above and below the table land of Mysore, in localities where they now perish on their first introduction direct from their congenial soil and atmosphere. We expect valuable results from the new nursery that is to be, and trust that the idea in which it originated will be more fully carried out. There should be an additional garden made in an eligible spot on the western coast, so that the damp heat there prevailing, the dry heat of Madras, the intermediate temperature and moisture of Mysore, and the coldness of the Neilgherries, might all at once be available for the purposes of experimentalism on exotic vegetable life. General Cullen, to be sure, has already got gardens in Travancore, to which great attention is paid by him, but their existence does not render unnecessary the creation of another on the same coast, or at least the incorporation of one or more of them in that system which we contemplate; supposing them as suitable as any spots that could be chosen. When we speak of a system, we allude to the propriety of organizing a department under one scientific head for the whole presidency, to whom all government gardens and their curators should be subject. Isolated and independent experiments, however useful in themselves, will never accomplish the amount of good that might be done

if they were linked together and made subservient to a common end, under the direction of a single will. Supposing a director-general of botanical gardens, or a competent officer with any other title and extensive powers, to be appointed, and to have at his disposal ground, means, and subordinates, in various localities, differing as to soil and other accidents—meteorological more especially—the probabilities are that he might acclimatize in Southern India, so far as it was desirable to do so, trees, plants, and herbs gathered from all quarters of the world, and thus greatly promote the advantage of the country. With his choice of the Comandul and western coasts of Mysore and the Neilgherries, it would be odd if he could not manage to naturalize almost everything in the vegetable line. We hope, therefore, to see a botanical department created for these provinces, and a fitter head for it could not be found than the able medical officer and man of natural science who is now in Mysore, with a view to establishing one branch of our scheme. Whether or not it should be united with the conservation of forests remaining, and the planting of waste tracts and mountain slopes or summits with timber suitable to them hereafter, is a question that may be deferred till a future opportunity. Probably the union would be expedient, since the fittest gardener might be the best forester in the bargain.—*Madras Spectator.*

**The Kafir Language.**—Amongst barbarous tribes no language is to be found superior to the Kafir, in precision of expression, order, regularity, and system. It is beautifully soft and melodious in sound, and more resembles the modern Italian in this respect than any other known. It is usually spoken very slowly by the natives; their enunciation being distinct, and their musical and pleasing voices being modulated by the use of well-timed cadences and pauses. It is also worthy of remark that, as an invariable rule, this language is correctly spoken by every class of the community; which is perhaps not the case with any of our European tongues. As a general rule, a Kafir will never be heard using an ungrammatical expression; and, not only so, but they always connect together their words and sentences in such a manner as to preserve the proper system of alliteration throughout the same proposition. In the formation of the Kafir dialect much of its admired softness and melody is produced by the multiplicity of vowels that are used. This language is wholly without a literature, being purely colloquial; but, as such, it is perfect and pure. Its origin is unknown; but several of the derivatives of the words are easily traceable to the Arabic and Hebrew tongues. The "Ara," Yes, is used alike by Arabs and Kafirs. So also "Aie," No. Kafir itself is a word of Arabic root. On many accounts there are good grounds for believing that the Kafirs were of Ishmaelitic descent; and, consequently, that they are of the same origin as many of the tribes of Arabia.—*Fleming's Southern Africa.*

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#### PORES

must be opened, and the skin made healthy. These things done, and Nature will go to her work, and ruddy health will sit smiling upon the cheek, and

#### LIFE WILL BE AGAIN A LUXURY.

We will suppose the case of a person afflicted with a bilious complaint. His head aches, his appetite is poor, his bones and back ache, he is weak and nervous, his complexion is yellow, the skin dry, and his tongue furred. He goes to a doctor for relief, and is given a dose of medicine to purge him freely, and he gets some temporary relief.

#### BUT HE IS NOT CURED!

In a few days the same symptoms return, and the same old purge is administered; and so on, until the poor man becomes a martyr to heavy, drastic purgatives. Now, what would be the

#### TRUE PRACTICE

in such a case? What the practice that Nature herself points out? Why? TO SET IN HEALTHY OPERATION ALL THE MEANS THAT NATURE POSSESSES TO THROW OUT OF THE SYSTEM THE CAUSES OF DISEASE. The bowels must of course be evacuated, but the work is not done by this alone. The kidneys must be prompted to do their work, for they have a most important work to do; the stomach must be cleansed; and, above all, the pores must be relieved and enabled to throw off the secretions which ought to pass off through them. We repeat that by

#### THE BOWELS—THE URINE—THE PORES,

the disease must be expelled from the system, and not by the bowels alone, as is the usual practice. And to effect all this, resort must be had to a remedy that is congenial to the human system—a remedy that strengthens while it subdues disease. Such is the remedy found in

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